

# THE LITERARY UNION.

W. W. NEWMAN, {  
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J. M. WINCHELL, {  
JAMES JOHONNOT, { Editors.

VOL. 1.—No. 9.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM

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## Poetry.

Original.

### AWAY WITH THE FLOWERS.

BY ANN LINDEN.

Away with the flower, in its wild beauty blooming,  
Though encircling the young brow of earliest  
Spring;  
For thoughts o'er the ocean of memory come boomer-  
ing,  
That dim with regret the bright visions they  
bring.

On my vision the scenes of my childhood come  
rushing,  
Begirt with the soft beaming radiance of yore;  
While fast from their fountains the hot tear drops  
are gushing,  
That they should exist, but in memory, no more!

Oh! the rapture that lit up our sweet cottage dwel-  
ling,  
When first the warm earth cast her mantle of  
snow,  
And the beauty-fraught fountains, their wild waters  
swelling,  
Seemed radiant with joy, in the sun's dazzling  
glow.

And bright the young flowers, their soft petals un-  
folding,--  
Sweet gifts to the Spring from the fountain of  
love--  
Showed the colors we view while the rainbow be-  
holding,  
All bathed in the splendor of light from above.

The first to awake from her long winter slumber,  
Was the wild violet, decked in her purple and  
red,  
Sent to vie with the Primrose, sweet queen of the  
number,  
That doffed the white covering from Nature's  
warm bed.

And fast their young sisters aroused at her bidding;  
The Harebell arrayed in her soft dress of blue,  
And the wild "Lady's Slipper," the damp earth  
unheeding,  
In her haste, chose a bright robe of pink-colored  
hue.

No offering of gems, with their glances of fire,  
Nor charmed voice of fame, could such rapture  
impart,  
As the Anthem of Spring swept from Nature's  
own lyre,  
And echoing the throbs of her glorious heart.

Oh! bright were your visions, fleet days of my  
childhood!  
How I loved ye when present, and mourned ye  
when past!  
In your deep lovely hearts, and your fair, breezy  
wildwood,  
Were a freshness and beauty too lightsome to  
last.

But now, that the season of hope has departed,  
And, unlike the Spring, to return never more,  
To recall its fond scenes, is to weep broken-hearted,  
And sigh that its vision of romance is o'er.

Then away with the flower, in its wild beauty  
blooming,  
Though encircling the young brow of earliest  
Spring;  
For thoughts o'er the ocean of memory come boomer-  
ing,  
That dim with regret the bright visions they  
bring.

Original.

### SONNET.

BY VISSCHER MIX.

So holy is the light from her pure eyes  
Continually beaming, that the air  
Seems tinted with the softened hue of skies  
Which canopy the throne where angels bow in  
prayer.

So rich the music from her mouth that flows,--  
As waters from a fountain hedged with flowers,  
Where lilies peep, from under beds of rose--  
That all who listen, stand entranced--and hours  
Glide by unnoticed till the measures close.

In shape and motion, all the graces dwell,  
Instinct with promptings of a soul, unknown  
To the bad passions by which angels fell;  
There, fitly housed, the virtues, every one,  
With impulses divine, her bosom softly swell.

KNOWLEDGE OF IGNORANCE.—It is impossi-  
ble to make people understand their ignorance,  
for it requires knowledge to perceive it, and  
therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.—  
Bishop Taylor.

## Tales.

### EGOTISM; OR, THE BOSOM SERPENT.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"Here he comes!" shouted the boys along  
the street. "Here comes the man with a  
snake in his bosom!"

This outcry, saluting Herkimer's ears, as he  
was about to enter the iron gate of the Ellis-  
ton mansion, made him pause. It was not  
without a shudder that he found himself on  
the point of meeting his former acquaintance,  
whom he had known in the glory of youth,  
and whom now, after an interval of five years,  
he was to find the victim either of a diseased  
fancy, or a horrible physical misfortune.

"A snake in his bosom!" repeated the  
young sculptor to himself. "It must be he.—  
No second man on earth has such a bosom  
friend! And now, my poor Rosina, Heaven  
grant me wisdom to discharge my errand a-  
right! Woman's faith must be strong indeed,  
since time has not yet failed."

Thus musing, he took his stand at the en-  
trance of the gate, and waited until the per-  
sonage, so singularly announced, should make  
his appearance. After an instant or two, he  
beheld the figure of a lean man, of unwhole-  
some look, with glittering eyes and long black  
hair, who seemed to imitate the motion of a  
snake; for, instead of walking straight for-  
ward with open front, he undulated along the  
pavement in a curved line. It may be to fan-  
ciful to say, that something, either in his mor-  
al or mental aspect, suggested the idea that a  
miracle had been wrought, by transforming a  
serpent into a man; but so imperfectly, that  
the snaky nature was yet hidden, and  
scarcely hidden, under the mere outward  
guise of humanity. Herkimer remarked that  
his complexion had a greenish tinge over its  
sickly white, reminding him of a species of  
marble out of which he had once wrought a  
head of Envy, with her snaky locks.

The wretched being approached the gate,  
but, instead of entering, stop short, and fixed  
the glitter of his eye full upon the compas-  
sionate, yet steady countenance of the scul-  
ptor.

"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" he ex-  
claimed.

And then there was an audible hiss, but  
whether it came from the apparent lunatic's  
own lips, or was the real hiss of a serpent,  
might admit of discussion. At all events, it  
made Herkimer shudder to his heart's core.

"Do you know me, George Herkimer?"  
asked the snake possessed.

Herkimer did know him. But it demand-  
ed all the intimate and practical acquaintance

with the human face, acquired by modelling actual likenesses in clay, to recognize the features of Roderick Elliston in the visage that now met the sculptor's gaze. Yet it was he. It added nothing to the wonder, to reflect that the once brilliant young man had undergone this odious and fearful change, during the no more than five brief years of Herkimer's abode at Florence. The possibility of such a transformation being granted, it was as easy to conceive it effected in a moment as in an age. Inexpressibly shocked and startled, it was still the keenest pang, when Herkimer remembered that the fate of his cousin Rosina, the ideal of gentle womanhood, was indissolubly interwoven with that of a being whom Providence seemed to have unhumanized.

"Elliston! Roderick!" cried he, "I had heard of this; but my conception came far short of the truth. What has befallen you? Why do I find you thus?"

"Oh, 'tis a mere nothing! A snake! The commonest thing in the world. A snake in the bosom—that's all," answered Roderick Elliston. "But how is your own breast?" continued he, looking the sculptor in the eye, with the most acute and penetrating glance that it had ever been his fortune to encounter.—"All pure and wholesome? No reptile there? By my faith and conscience, and by the devil within me, here is a wonder! A man without a serpent in his bosom!"

"Be calm, Elliston," whispered George Herkimer, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the snake-possessed. "I have crossed the ocean to meet you. Listen!—let us be private—I bring a message from Rosina!—from your wife!"

"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" muttered Roderick.

With this exclamation, the most frequent in his mouth, the unfortunate man clutched both hands upon his breast, as if an intolerable sting or torture impelled him to rend it open, and let out the living mischief, even where it intertwined with his own life. He then freed himself from Herkimer's grasp, by a subtle motion, and gliding through the gate, took refuge in his antiquated family residence.—The sculptor did not pursue him. He saw that no available intercourse could be expected at such a movement, and was desirous, before another meeting, to inquire closely into the nature of Roderick's disease, and the circumstances that had reduced him to so lamentable a condition. He succeeded in obtaining the necessary information from an eminent medical gentleman.

Shortly after Elliston's separation from his wife—now nearly four years ago—his associates had observed a singular gloom spreading over his daily life, like those chill, grey mists that sometimes steal away the sunshine from a summer's morning. The symptoms caused them endless perplexity. They know not whether ill health was robbing his spirits of elasticity; or whether a canker of the mind was gradually eating, as such cankers do, from his moral system into the physical frame, which is but the shadow of the former. They looked for the root of the trouble in his shattered schemes of domestic bliss; wilfully shattered by himself—but could not be satisfied of its existence there. Some thought that their once brilliant friend was in an incipient stage of insanity, of which his passionate im-

pulses had perhaps been the forerunners; others prognosticated a general blight and gradual decline. From Roderick's own lips, they could learn nothing. More than once, it is true, he had been heard to say, clutching his hands convulsively upon his breast—"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"—but by different auditors, a great diversity of explanation was assigned to his ominous expression.—What could it be, that gnawed the breast of Roderick Elliston? Was it sorrow? Was it merely the tooth of physical disease? Or, in his reckless course, often verging upon profligacy, if not plunging into its depths, had he been guilty of some deed, which made his bosom a prey to the deadlier fangs of remorse? There was plausible ground for each of these conjectures; but it must not be concealed that more than one elderly gentleman, the victim of good cheer and slothful habits, magisterially pronounced the secret of the whole matter to be *Dyspepsia*!

Meanwhile, Roderick seemed aware how generally he had become the subject of curiosity and conjecture, and, with a morbid repugnance to such notice, or to any notice whatever, estranged himself from all companionship. Not merely the eye of man was a horror to him; not merely the light of a friend's countenance; but even the blessed sunshine, likewise, which, in its universal beneficence, typifies the radiance of the Creator's face, expressing his love for all the creatures of his hand. The dusky twilight was now too transparent for Roderick Elliston; the blackest midnight was his chosen hour to steal abroad; and if ever he were seen, it was when the watchman's lantern glanced upon his figure, gliding along the street, with his hands clutched upon his bosom, still muttering—"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" What could it be that gnawed him?

After a time, it became known that Elliston was in the habit of resorting to all the noted quacks that infested the city, or whom money would tempt to journey thither from a distance. By one of these persons, in the exultation of a supposed cure, it was proclaimed far and wide, by dint of hand-bills and little pamphlets on dingy paper, that a distinguished gentleman, Roderick Elliston Esq., had been relieved of a SNAKE in his stomach!—So here was the monstrous secret, ejected from its lurking-place into public view, in all its horrible deformity. The mystery was out, but not so the bosom serpent. He, if it were anything but a delusion, still lay coiled in his living den. The empiric's cure had been a sham, the effect, it was supposed, of some stupefying drug, which more nearly caused the death of the patient than of the odious reptile that possessed him. When Roderick Elliston regained entire sensibility, it was to find his misfortune the town talk—the more than nine day's wonder and horror—while at his bosom, he felt the sickening motion of a thing alive, and the gnawing of that restless fang, which seemed to gratify at once a fiendish spite.

He summoned the black servant, who had been bred up in his father's house, and was a middle-aged man while Roderick lay in his cradle.

"Scipio!" he began; and then paused, with his arms folded over his heart.—"What do people say of me, Scipio?"

"Sir! my poor master! that you had a serpent in your bosom," answered the servant, with hesitation.

"And what else?" asked Roderick, with a ghastly look at the man.

"Nothing else, dear master," replied Scipio, "only that the Doctor gave you a powder, and the snake leaped out upon the floor."

"No, no!" muttered Roderick to himself, as he shook his head, and pressed his hands with a more convulsive force upon his breast,—"I feel him still. It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"

From this time, the miserable sufferer ceased to shun the world, but rather solicited and forced himself upon the notice of acquaintances and strangers. It was partly the result of desperation, on finding that the cavern of his own bosom had not proved deep and dark enough to hide the secret, even while it was so secure a fortress for the loathsome fiend that had crept into it. But still more, this craving for notoriety was a symptom of the intense morbidness which now pervaded his nature. All persons, chronically diseased, are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body; whether sin, sorrow, or merely the more tolerable calamity of some endless pain, or mischief among the cords of mortal life.—Such individuals are made acutely conscious of a self, by the torture in which it dwells.—Self, therefore, grows to be so prominent an object with them, that they cannot but present it to the face of every casual passer-by. There is a pleasure—perhaps the greatest of which the sufferer is susceptible—in displaying the wasted or ulcerated limb, or the cancer in the breast; and the fouler the crime, with so much the more difficulty does the perpetrator prevent it from thrusting up its snake-like head to frighten the world; for it is that cancer, or that crime, which constitutes their respective individuality. Roderick Elliston, who, a little while before, had held himself so scornfully above the common lot of men, now paid full allegiance to this humiliating law.—

The snake in his bosom seemed the symbol of a monstrous egotism, to which everything was referred, and which he pampered, night and day, with a continual and exclusive sacrifice of devil-worship.

He soon exhibited what most people considered indubitable tokens of insanity. In some of his moods, strange to say, he prided and gloried himself on being marked out from the ordinary experience of mankind, by the possession of a double nature, and a life within a life. He appeared to imagine that the snake was a divinity—not celestial, it is true, but darkly infernal—and that he thence derived an eminence and a sanctity, horrid, indeed, yet more desirable than whatever ambition aims at. Thus he drew his misery around him like a regal mantle, and looked down triumphantly upon those whose vitals nourished no deadly monster. Oftener, however, his human nature asserted its empire over him, in the shape of a yearning for fellowship. It grew to be his custom to spend the whole day in wandering about the streets, aimlessly, unless it might be called an aim to establish a species of brotherhood between himself and the world. With cankered ingenuity, he sought out his own disease in his own breast. Whether insane or not, he showed so keen a perception of frailty, error and vice, that many

persons gave him credit for being possessed not merely with a serpent, but with an actual fiend, who imparted this evil faculty of recognizing whatever was ugliest in man's heart.

For instance he met an individual, who, for thirty years, had cherished a hatred against his own brother. Roderick, amidst the throng of the street, laid his hand on this man's chest, and looking full into his forbidding face,

"How is the snake to-day?"—he inquired, with a mock expression of sympathy.

"The snake!" exclaimed the brother-hated—"What do you mean?"

"The snake! The snake! Does he gnaw you?" persisted Roderick. "Did you take counsel with him this morning, when you should have been saying your prayers? Did he sting, when you thought of your brother's health, wealth, and good repute? Did he caper for joy, when you remembered the profligacy of his only son? And whether he stung or whether he frolicked, did you feel his poison throughout your body and soul, converting everything to sourness and bitterness?—that is the way of such serpents. I have learned the whole nature of them from my own!"

"Where is the police?" roared the object of Roderick's persecution, at the same time giving an instinctive clutch to his breast. "Why is this lunatic allowed to go at large?"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Roderick, releasing his grasp of the man.—"His bosom serpent has stung him then!"

Often, it pleased the young man to vex people with a ligther satire, yet still characterized by somewhat of snake-like virulence. One day he encountered an ambitious statesman, and gravely inquired after the welfare of his boa-constrictor; for of that species, Roderick affirmed, this gentleman's serpent must needs be, since its appetite was enormous enough to devour the whole country and constitution. At another time, he stopped a close-fisted old fellow, of great wealth, but who skulked about the city in the guise of a scare-crow, with a patched blue surtout, brown hat, and mouldy boots, scraping pence together, and picking up rusty nails. Pretending to look earnestly at this respectable person's stomach, Roderick assured him that his snake was a copper-head, and had been generated by the immense quantities of that base metal, with which he daily defiled his fingers. Again, he assaulted a man of rubicund visage, and told him that few bosom serpents had more of the devil in them, than those that breed in the vats of a distillery. The next whom Roderick honored with his attention was a distinguished clergymen, who happened just then to be engaged in a theological controversy, where human wrath was more perceptible than divine inspiration.

"You have swallowed a snake, in a cup of sacramental wine," quoth he.

"Profane wretch!" exclaimed the divine; but, nevertheless, his hand stole to his breast.

He met a person of sickly sensibility who, on some early disappointment, had retired from the world, and thereafter held no intercourse with his fellow-men, but brooded sullenly or passionately over the irrevocable past. This man's very heart, if Roderick might be believed, had been changed into a serpent, which would finally torment both him and itself to death. Observing a married couple,

whose domestic troubles were matter of notoriety, he condoled with both on having mutually taken a house-adder to their bosoms.—To an envious author, who deprecated words which he could never equal, he said that his snake was the slimiest and filthiest of all the reptile tribe; but was fortunately without a sting. A man of impure life, and a brazen face, asking Roderick if there were any serpent in his breast, he told him that there was, and of the same species that once tortured Don Rodrigo, the Goth. He took a fair young girl by the hand, and gazing sadly into her eyes, warned her that she cherished a serpent of the deadliest kind within her gentle breast; and the world found the truth of those ominous words, when, a few months afterwards, the poor girl died of love and shame. Two ladies, rivals in fashionable life, who tormented one another with a thousand little stings of womanish spite, were given to understand, that each of their hearts was a nest of diminutive snakes, which did quite as much mischief as one great one.

But nothing seemed to please Roderick better than to lay hold of a person infected with jealousy, which he represent as an enormous green reptile, with an ice-cold body, and the sharpest sting of any snake save one.

"And what is that?" asked a bystander, overhearing him.

It was a dark-browed man, who put the question; he had an evasive eye, which, in the course of a dozen years, had looked no mortal direct in the face. There was an ambiguity about this person's character—a stain upon his reputation—yet none could tell precisely of what nature; although the city-gossip, male and female, whispered the most atrocious surmises. Until a recent period he had followed the sea, and was, in fact, the very ship-master whom George Herkimer had encountered, under such singular circumstances, in the Grecian Archipelago.

"What bosom-serpent has the sharpest sting?" repeated this man: but he put the question as if by a reluctant necessity, and grew pale while he was uttering it.

"Why need you ask?" replied Roderick, with a look of dark intelligence. "Look into your own breast! Hark, my serpent bestirs himself! He acknowledges the presence of a master-fiend!"

And then, as the bystanders afterwards affirmed, a hissing sound was heard, apparently in Roderick Elliston's breast. It was said, too, that an answering hiss came from the vitals of the shipmaster, as if a snake were actually lurking there, and had been aroused by the call of its brother-reptile. If there were in fact any such sound, it might have been caused by a malicious exercise of ventriloquism, on the part of Roderick.

Thus, making his own actual serpent—if a serpent there actually was in his bosom—the type of each man's fatal error, or hoarded sin, or unquiet conscience, and striking his sting so unremorsefully into the sorest spot, we may well imagine that Roderick became the pest of the city. Nobody could elude him; none could withstand him. He grappled with the ugliest truth that he could lay his hand on, and compelled his adversary to do the same. Strange spectacle in human life, where it is the instinctive effort of one and all to hide those sad realities, and leave them un-

disturbed beneath a heap of superficial topics, which constitute the materials of intercourse between man and man! It was not to be tolerated that Roderick Elliston should break through the tacit compact, by which the world has done its best to secure repose, without relinquishing evil. The victims of his malicious remarks, it is true, had brothers enough to keep them in countenance; for, by Roderick's theory, every mortal bosom harbored either a brood of small serpents, or one overgrown monster, that had devoured all the rest. Still the city could not bear this new apostle. It was demanded by nearly all, and particularly by the most respectable inhabitants, that Roderick should no longer be permitted to violate the received rules of decorum, by obtruding his own bosom-serpent for the public gaze, and dragging those of decent people from their lurking-places.

Accordingly, his relatives interfered, and placed him in a private asylum for the insane. When the news was noised abroad, it was observed that many persons walked the streets with freer countenances, and covered their breasts less carefully with their hands.

His confinement, however, although it contributed not a little to the peace of the town, operated unfavorably upon Roderick himself. In solitude, his melancholy grew more black and sullen. He spent whole days—indeed, it was his sole occupation—in communing with the serpent. A conversation was sustained, in which, as it seemed, the hidden monster bore a part, though unintelligibly to the listeners, and inaudible, except in a hiss. Singular as it may appear, the sufferer had now contracted a sort of affection for his tormentor; mingled, however, with the intensest loathing and horror. Nor were such discordant emotions incompatible; each, on the contrary, imparted strength and poignancy to its opposite. Horrible love—horrible antipathy—embracing one another in his bosom, and both concentrating themselves upon a being that had crept into his vitals, or been engendered there, and which was nourished with his food, and lived upon his life, and was as intimate with him as his own heart, and yet was the foulest of all created things! But not the less was it the true type of a morbid nature.

Sometimes, in his moments of rage and bitter hatred against the snake and himself, Roderick determined to be the death of him, even at the expense of his own life. Once he attempted it by starvation. But, while the wretched man was on the point of famishing, the monster seemed to feed upon his heart, and to thrive and wax gamesome, as if it were his sweetest and most congenial diet. Then he privately took a dose of active poison, imagining that it might not fail to kill either himself, or the devil that possessed him, or both together. Another mistake; for if Roderick had not yet been destroyed by his own poisoned heart, nor the snake by gnawing it, they had little to fear from arsenic or corrosive sublimate. Indeed, the venomous pest appeared to operate as an antidote against all other poisons. The physicians tried to suffocate the fiend with tobacco-smoke. He breathed it as freely as if it were his native atmosphere. Again, they drugged their patient with opium, and drenched him with intoxicating liquors hoping that the snake might thus be reduced

to stupor, and perhaps be ejected from the stomach. They succeeded in rendering Roderick insensible; but, placing their hands upon his breast, they were inexpressibly horror-stricken to feel the monster wriggling, twining, and darting to and fro, within his narrow limits, evidently enlivened by the opium or alcohol, and incited to unusual feats of activity.—Thenceforth, they gave up all attempts to cure or palliation. The doomed sufferer submitted to his fate, resumed his former loathsome affection for the bosom-fiend, and spent whole miserable days before a looking-glass, with his mouth wide open, watching, in hope and horror, to catch a glimpse of the snake's head, far down within his throat. It is supposed that he succeeded; for the attendants once heard a frenzied shout, and rushing into the room, found Roderick lifeless on the floor.

He was kept but little longer under restraint. After minute investigation, the medical directors of the asylum decided that his mental disease did not amount to insanity, nor would warrant his confinement; especially as its influence upon his spirits was unfavorable, and might produce the evil which it was meant to remedy. His eccentricities were doubtless great—he had habitually violated many of the customs and prejudices of society; but the world was not, without surer ground, entitled to treat him as a mad man. On this decision of such competent authority, Roderick was released, and had returned to his native city, the very day before his encounter with George Herkimer.

As soon as possible after learning these particulars, the sculptor, together with a sad and tremulous companion, sought Elliston at his own house. It was a large, somber edifice of wood, with pilasters and balcony, and was divided from one of the principal streets by a terrace of three elevations, which was ascended by successive flights of stone steps.—Some immense old elms almost concealed the front of the mansion. This spacious and once magnified family-residence was built by a grandee of the race, early in the past century; at which epoch, land being of small comparative value, the garden and other grounds had formed quite an extensive domain. Although a portion of the ancestral heritage had been alienated, there was still a shadowy enclosure in the rear of the mansion, where a student, or a dreamer, or a man of stricken heart, might lie all day upon the grass, amid the solitude of murmuring boughs, and forget that a city had grown up around him.

Into this retirement, the sculptor and his companion were ushered by Scipio, the old black serpent, whose wrinkled visage grew almost sunny with intelligence and joy, as he paid his humble greetings to one of the two visitors.

"Remain in the arbor," whispered the sculptor to the figure that leaned upon his arm, "you will know whether, and when, to make your appearance."

"God will teach me," was the reply. "May he support me too!"

Roderick was reclining on the margin of a fountain, which gushed into the flecked sunshine with the same clear sparkle, and the voice of airy quietude, as when trees of primeval growth flung their shadows across its bosom. How strange is the life of a fountain born at every moment, yet of an age coeval

with the rocks, and far surpassing the venerable antiquity of a forest!

"You are come! I have expected you," said Elliston, when he became aware of the sculptor's presence.

His manner was very different from that of the preceding day—quiet, courteous, and, as Herkimer thought, watchful both over his guest and himself. This unnatural restraint was almost the only trait that betokened anything amiss. He had just thrown a book upon the grass, where it lay half-opened, thus disclosing itself to be a natural history of the serpent-tribe, illustrated by life-like plates.—Near it lay that bulky volume, the Doctor Dubitantum of Jeremy Taylor, full of cases of conscience, and in which most men, possessed of a conscience, may find something applicable to their purpose.

"You see," observed Elliston, pointing to the book of serpents, while a smile gleamed upon his lips, "I am making an effort to become better acquainted with my bosom-friend. But I find nothing satisfactory in this volume. If I mistake not, he will prove to be *sui generis*, and akin to no other reptile in creation."

"Whence came this strange calamity?" inquired the sculptor.

"My sable friend, Scipio, has a story," replied Roderick, "of a snake that had lurked in this fountain—pure and innocent as it looks—ever since it was known to the first settlers. This insinuating personage once crept into the vitals of my great-grandfather, and dwelt there many years, tormenting the old gentleman beyond mortal endurance. In short, it is a family peculiarity. But, to tell you the truth, I have no faith in this idea of the snake's being an heir-loom. He is my own snake, and no man's else."

"But what was his origin?" demanded Herkimer.

"Oh! there is poisonous stuff in any man's heart, sufficient to generate a brood of serpents," said Elliston, with a hollow laugh.—"You should have heard my homilies to the good townspeople. Positively, I deem myself fortunate in having bred but a single serpent. You, however, have none in your bosom, and therefore cannot sympathize with the rest of the world. It gnaws me! It 'gnaws me!'

With this exclamation, Roderick lost his self-control and threw himself upon the grass, testifying his agony by intricate writhings, in which Herkimer could not but fancy a resemblance to the motions of a snake. Then, likewise, was heard that frightful hiss, which often ran through the sufferer's speech, and crept between the words and syllables, without interrupting their succession.

"This is awful indeed!" exclaimed the sculptor—"an awful infliction, whether it be actual or imaginary! Tell me, Roderick Elliston, is there any remedy for this loathsome evil?"

Yes, but an impossible one," muttered Roderick, as he lay wallowing with his face in the grass. "Could I, for one instant, forget myself, the serpent might not abide within me. It is my diseased self-contemplation that has engendered and nourished him!"

"Then forget yourself, my husband," said a gentle voice above him—"forget yourself in the idea of another!"

Rosina had emerged from the arbor, and was bending over him, with the shadow of his

anguish reflected in her countenance, yet so mingled with hope and unselfish love, that all anguish seemed but an earthly shadow and a dream. She touched Roderick with her hand. A tremor shivered through his frame. At that moment, if report be trustworthy, the sculptor beheld a waving motion through the grass, and heard a tinkling sound, as if something had plunged into the fountain. Be the truth as it might, it is certain that Roderick Elliston sat up, like a man renewed, restored to his right mind, and rescued from the fiend, which had so miserably overcome him in the battlefield of his own breast.

"Rosina!" cried he, in broken and passionate tones, but with nothing of the wild wail that had haunted his voice so long "Forgive! Forgive!"

Her happy tears bedewed his face.

"The punishment has been severe," observed the sculptor. "Even Justice might now forgive—how much more a woman's tenderness! Roderick Elliston, whether the serpent was a physical reptile, or whether the morbidness of your nature suggested that symbol to your fancy, the moral of the story is not the less true and strong. A tremendous Egotism—manifesting itself, in your case, in the form of jealousy—is as fearful a fiend as ever stole into the human heart. Can a breast, where it has dwelt so long, be purified?"

"Oh, yes!" said Rosina, with a heavenly smile. "The serpent was but a dark fantasy, and what it typified was as shadowy as itself. The past, dismal as it seems, shall fling no gloom upon the future. To give it its due importance, we must think of it but as an anecdote in our Eternity!"

#### Excessive Politeness.

Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, a few days before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse, he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed;

"What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you."

A plain country-looking man, immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply said;

"No, sir, it ain't the devil as is doing it; it's a fat lady wot's fainted; and she's a werry fat 'un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to agin in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it, sir?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon; and the devil's too."

**SAILOR AND HIGHWAYMAN.**—A sailor was once travelling in a coach which was attacked by robbers.

"Your money," said one of the robbers to the sailor.

"You shan't have it," said Jack.

"Then I will blow out your brains."

"Blow away—I may as well be without brains as without money. Drive on coachee,"

## Biography.

Original.  
**EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.**

No. I.

This is an era of progress. Intellect is advancing with rapid strides towards its perfect development. Every field of human research is occupied by zealous laborers, and science is constantly enriched by their untiring exertions. Nature is in the process of being entirely unfolded, and the laws of the Creator, therein contained, are becoming familiar to man. Not content with an acquaintance with physics alone, the outer manifestations of the internal spirit, the tenement of the soul, intellect has sought to unravel the mysteries of the higher orders of creation, the essence of soul, the connection between soul and body, and the order of beings that people the invisible world. But the earnest inquirer after truth, the philosophic searcher into the laws of God, at the commencement of his work, has been obliged to dig through the accumulated rubbish of ages, which the ignorance or folly of man has consecrated, and to expose errors which successive centuries of belief had rendered sacred and holy. Accordingly at the very threshold of his work he has been met by the cry of heresy and fanaticism, which, in many instances has been sufficient to array against him the whole powers of conservatism, which have so often united to stifle the voice of expanding intellect. But the inquiry has gone on. The magical circle has been broken. The magicians who have proclaimed themselves to be the true and only oracles of God, have had their pretensions slighted, and the threatened convulsions which were to follow such daring blasphemy, have consisted only of their own wail at the departure of their scepter. The once dreaded cry of heresy has lost its potency, and the multitudes of the wise and good, who are eagerly treading the forbidden field of knowledge, and demonstrating the falsehood of opinions, which, in times past, even to question, has been considered as a deadly sin, console themselves with the reflection of the past. They remember the time when eclipses were considered the sure precursors of war and famine, and the Aurora Borealis denoted the fierce anger of the Gods. To question the orthodoxy of these opinions was a heinous offence. They recollect that Copernicus was considered a madman, Columbus a visionary, and that Galileo was imprisoned for sorcery; yet, notwithstanding these persecutions, the decisions of potentates, the resolutions of Assemblies, and the Bulls of Popes, the earth continues to revolve around the sun and its own axis, the great mystery of the ocean has been solved, and philosophical truths will remain true forever.

They remember, too, that the early Christians were persecuted, the apostles were martyred, and the Savior crucified for giving utterance to startling truths, which were considered the most disorganizing and dangerous infidelity.

The spirit that resists progress, that seeks to stifle truth because it is new, that ruthlessly tramples upon the rights of others, that

sees, in every new development of mind, nought but signs of infidelity and decay, is the embodiment of conservatism, and the great opposing principle to the elevation of human nature. No matter whether found with absolutism in government, or intolerance in religion, whether with savages murdering missionaries, or with civil men proscribing opinions, it is essentially the same. It pursued the Israelites in their flight from Egypt, it stoned the prophets, and crucified the Savior; it gave Hemlock to Socrates, and banished Aristides from Athens; it threw the Christians into the Roman Amphitheatres to be torn in pieces by wild beasts, and established the inquisition; it opposed the reformation of Luther, murdered Servetus, and hung the Quakers of New England; it has always sought to establish universal dominion, and may be now seen clinging to some old error, and defending it by wielding a poison more deadly than that of Upas.

The investigations which have been the result of the great expansion of intellect, and which have been carried on amidst so much contumely and contempt, are producing results, which must, ere long, sweep away the old moral and social systems and give to man something nobler and purer. All men are not now content to believe a doctrine simply because their fathers believed it, nor are they so wedded to any peculiar sentiment but that they are willing it should be tried by the ordeal of truth.

Among other results, this boundless investigation has brought to light and disseminated the peculiar doctrines and theories of the mighty intellects of past ages, who had the misfortune to live before the world was ready to receive their mission. Great truths for the development of man, the word of God coming through great original minds, are sought for and found in the dusky volumes of the past, showing that although unappreciated in its generation, the voice of wisdom has never been raised in vain, and that means have been accumulating through the long night of ages, to be used at the world's awakening, in elevating human nature, and in explaining the hitherto incomprehensible mysteries of creation.

The revived doctrines of none of the mighty dead have produced so great a sensation as those of **EMANUEL SWEDENBORG**. At their first appearance after their burial, they were greeted by the cry of visionary and fanatical, which, as they have become better known, has augmented into a shriek of dangerous heresy and disorganizing infidelity. The charity, which, at first, only made him a monomaniac or a madman, has been withdrawn, and he is now held up as a deep and designing promulgator of pernicious doctrines and wilful errors.

We subjoin a short biography of this remarkable man, condensed from the Penny Encyclopedia. He was born at Stockholm on the 29th of January, 1688. His father, who was Bishop of Skara, bestowed great care upon the education of his son. Of his childhood and youth little is known, excepting that his mind was early occupied by religious subjects, his attention being directed to such, probably, from the nature of his father's occupation. "From my fourth to my tenth year," says he, in a letter to Dr. Beyer, "my thoughts, were constantly engrossed by reflecting on

God, salvation, and the spiritual affections of man. From my sixth to my twelfth year, it was my greatest delight to converse with the clergy concerning faith, and I often observed to them that charity, or love is the life of faith and that this vivifying charity is no other than the love of one's neighbor." At school his attention was particularly directed to the learned languages, mathematics and natural philosophy. At the age of twenty-two he took his degree of doctor of philosophy, and published his first essay. In 1710 he visited England, resided some time at Oxford, travelled through France and Germany, spent much time at Paris and Utrecht, and returned to Sweden after an absence of four years. His second work was a small volume of fables and allegories in Latin prose. In 1716, he commenced his "Dasdalus Hyperboreus," a periodical record of inventions and experiments of Polhem, the great Swedish Engineer, and others, and of mathematical and physical discoveries of his own. In the same year he was appointed by the King, Assessor of the Royal Metallic College of Sweden. Between this and 1724 he published the following scientific works in Swedish and German, viz: "The Art of the Rules," a mathematical work in which the Differential and Integral Calculus was first introduced into Sweden; "Attempts to find the Longitude of Places by means of the Moon;" "A Proposal for a Decimal Arrangement of Coinage and Measures;" "A Treatise on the Motion and Position of the Earth, and Planets;" "Proofs derived from the appearances in Sweden, of the depth of the Sea, and the greater force of the tides in the earliest ages;" "A Specimen of Principles of Natural Philosophy, consisting of New Attempts to explain the Phenomena of Chemistry and Physics by Geometry;" "New Discoveries concerning Iron and Fire, and a new mode of constructing Stoves;" "A new method of finding the Longitude of Places on Land or Sea by Lunar Observations;" "A mode of constructing Docks;" "A new way of making Dikes;" "A mechanical method for testing the power of Vessels;" "Miscellaneous Observations on Natural Objects, particularly Minerals, Fire, and Mountain Strata," and the "Opera Philosophica et Mineralia," this last consisting of three distinct Treatises—the first on the Philosophy of the Elemental World, the second on Iron, and the third on Copper and Brass. During this time, also, he contributed much to the success of Charles XII. in the reduction of Frederickshall, by transporting eight vessels across mountains and valleys, for the distance of fourteen miles. He travelled much in Europe, and turned his attention particularly to the subject of Mines generally, and to Iron in particular, and devoted much time to the duties of his office.—Somewhat previous to this, Swedenborg appears to have conceived the gigantic plan of philosophically examining the great subjects of Physiology and Psychology. In 1734 he published his first work, "An Introduction to the Philosophy of the Infinite, and the Final Cause of Creation; treating, also, of the Mechanism of the operations between the Soul and Body," designed to connect his Cosmology and Physiology. Then followed his "Prodromus Principiorum;" "Economy of the Animal Kingdom," and "The Worship and Love of God; which last is considered the

sublimation of Swedenborg's Scientific system, blended with his Psychological doctrines. It is the connecting link between his Physiology and something yet to come.

We have not time or space to devote to analyze his principles of Philosophy, and will only say that they are such as will be appreciated only by those who have by patient investigation deeply searched into the laws of Nature. He commenced at the very foundation of things, and based his reasonings upon known facts, and as far as we know, no one has ever attempted to overthrow his system. Sandel says, "that it claims and merits *all* the attention of the learned, and as for others, they had better not meddle with it." He discards the idea of always dwelling upon details, and insists upon generalization, and the development of principles, without which, he said "facts themselves grow obsolete and perish."

He surveyed creation with a philosophic eye, and possessing an enlarged understanding, which enabled him to grasp at something beyond mere facts, he has given to the world a system, abstruse, it is true, but which is found to possess more and more value, as new truths are developed which render them capable of being understood. That he was of the greatest assistance to practical science, while alive, is certain, and that he anticipated some of the most important discoveries in physics is equally sure. He enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most learned men in Europe, and although some of his most important discoveries attracted but little notice, at the time they were made, modern science has demonstrated the truth of most of them, and judging by the tendency of things, the whole are in process of rapid verification. An eminent writer has remarked that "his works are a grand consolidation of human knowledge."

## ESSAY.

Original.

### THE ELEMENTS OF PROGRESS.

We may talk of the "Progressive spirit of the Age," we may rejoice that we are permitted to behold its dawn,—we may glory that our youthful nation standeth so conspicuously forth, at once a grand result and an important agent in the mighty work,—we may grasp with hurried zeal every notion that may claim novelty or tend to produce change,—we may, indeed, devoutly desire the spirit of progress to prevail; but all will avail naught for the good cause, if our zeal be not mingled with discretion,—if we keep not in view what that essentially is, which we seek to assist.

True progress is not the invention or application of brilliant theories,—it is not breaking off from established usages and entering upon a new order of things,—it is not the disruption of peace and quiet, and the substitution of a restless desire for change, nor is it the explosion of antiquated dogmas, giving place to fanciful illusions.

All this may, indeed must accompany progress, and yet all may exist independent of it: there can be no progress without change,—but there may be change without progress; for change may be produced alike by the development or extinguishment of important prin-

ples, or by the adoption of speculative chimeras, however unimportant and trivial they may be.

What then is the essential element of progress? It is TRUTH. Enthusiastic theorists may loudly proclaim that this or that is essential to reform, and an excited populace may reecho the cry, and zealous reformers may apply it to practice and produce change; but if it be a principle devoid of *truth*, the cry will prove but a sounding brass,—the application, a daubing with untempered mortar,—the effect an unhealthy excitement, an unnatural growth, destined to be succeeded by a corresponding reaction, inducing premature decay and death.

If, then, we would be the votaries of progress, we must be the unflinching advocates of truth. Here, the converse and original proposition are equally true: It is the neglect of this that has caused so many to waste their energies and means in a fruitless search for the philosopher's stone in mechanics,—perpetual motion.

This consideration will, doubtless, interfere with our prejudices and inclinations; still, if our *aim* be progress, we shall rest satisfied with a sacrifice of our visionary schemes upon the altar of success, content to gain the *end*, though the means be not of our own appointing.

How does this consideration augment the real dignity of our cause; how insure its triumph and success! Instead of being a visionary, uncertain enterprize, vacillating with the rise and subsidence of popular favor, or the extremes of stolid ignorance and blind fanaticism, it is an investigation for a *real existence*, whose certainty is parallel with the immortality of truth.

Who would seek worldly wealth in preference to the treasures of truth? who desire honor more than the ennobling consciousness of being engaged in the proud pursuit of immortal principle? who grasp after earthly power, slighting the wand omnipotent—eternal truth?

Once more. Truth is the soul of progress: their connection and relation, like body and spirit, are inseparable during their natural existence. Perfection reached, progress ceases to exist;—the body dies; but truth, the soul—it lives,—eternity is the limit of its duration.

How then; shall we bow to the shrine of substance; neglect to cherish the *living principle*, till the substance decay for want of its vivifying influence? Shall we glory in the mortal, disregarding immortality? Shall we succumb to the finite and defy the infinite? Shall we yield homage to impotence and fly from or resist omnipotence? Lovers of reform, reflect!

Other deductions might be advanced but I forbear.

E. W. K.

Never trust a man whose profession gives him a conscience, which is separate from the conscience given to him by God. The lawyer has two consciences. One of God, teaching him to do right, because it is right. The other of his profession, teaching him to do wrong, to defend the guilty, to reverse truth, and to turn black into white, because he has sworn to be true to his profession.

## Scientific.

Original.

### The Cometary System.

No. 1.

This is a department of astronomy which is at present largely engaging the attention of Astronomers. The appearance of a new comet, which in early times was the occasion of so much alarm, as being the harbinger of fearful calamities to the earth and its inhabitants, is now hailed with delight, as a welcome visitor to our system.

Before the invention of the Telescope, only the largest comets were ever visible, which, with their long trains sometimes extending over a whole quadrant of the heavens, were well calculated to excite terror in superstitious minds. As far back as the year 240, observations upon a comet are found in the Chinese records; and such observations are not unfrequent, considering the want of instruments in those early times, during many of the following centuries, up to the 14th and 15th.

These early observations have been examined with great care, especially by Mr. Burckhardt, for the purpose of identifying the Chinese comets, with some which have visited us in later times. This labor has met with only partial success, as many of these observations do not give the latitude; thus rendering the inclination of the orbit and the longitude of the node, little susceptible of accurate determination.

Out of the one hundred and eighty-five or one hundred and ninety comets whose orbits have been quite satisfactorily determined, but few, comparatively, date back of the invention of the telescope—the far greater proportion being too small and too distant to be visible to the naked eye. Delambis' Catalogue gives the orbits of twenty-six prior to the year 1600, forty-two prior to 1700, and one hundred and three prior to 1800.

Most of the orbits determined, are Parabolic, a few are Elliptic, and still fewer Hyperbolic. But it is not probable that any comet revolves in any but an Elliptic orbit. Should we free it from all other influences except that of the sun, while in the vicinity of our system, and were besides able to follow it thro' any considerable part of its orbit, we should undoubtedly find it be Elliptic.

Nor should it appear strange that an orbit may be Elliptical and yet the Astronomer unable to detect it, when we take into account its extreme eccentricity, and the thousands of years required for the comet to perform one revolution.

It is plain enough that such an Elliptic and a Parabolic, having the same Perihelion distance must be almost completely coincident curves for the largest portion which can possibly be from the earth.

The physical constitution of comets is still, and must probably for a long time to come, if not always, be a question of extreme uncertainty.

Comets in many instances have really two parts, a head and a tail. A tail, however, is by no means an invariable part of the comet. Some of the largest and brightest have been destitute of such an appendage; while a great proportion of the telescopic comets, either exhibit faint traces, or are more frequent-

ly, entirely wanting in this respect. It is a remarkable fact that the tail is always in a direction from the sun, and the comet does not attain its greatest brilliancy until it begins to recede from the sun, or has imbibed the greatest amount of solar influence. The head, when seen through a Telescope, appears a large irregular mass of hairy light, and though the comet undoubtedly shines by the reflected light of the sun, still no disc is ever seen, or indeed anything that warrants the supposition that a solid nucleus of any considerable size, is enveloped in the extremely rare substance, whatever it may be, of which the great mass of the comet is composed. Some idea of this tenuity may be gained from the fact that stars of the smallest magnitude loose none of their brilliancy when seen through the densest part of the nucleus.

Comets, like the planets of our own system, being subject to the law of gravity, the investigation of their motions and the determination of their orbits, involves the solution of a problem of the very same kind as in the case of the planets.

There are two comets now on a visit to our system; one Mr. G. P. Bordis discovered April 11; and the other lately discovered at the Paris observatory. To these I may refer hereafter.

Boston, Mass., May, 1849.

#### Effects of Steam on Timber.

M. Violetter has recently presented to the Academy of Science in Paris, a very able communication on the desiccation of different kinds of wood by steam. He stated that steam raised to 482 degrees Fah. was capable of taking up a considerable quantity of water, and acting upon this knowledge he submitted different kinds of oak, elm, pine, and walnut, about 8 inches long and half an inch square, to a current of steam of one and a half pounds pressure to the square inch, but which afterwards was raised to 482 degrees. The wood was exposed thus for two hours. It was weighed before it was exposed to the steam and afterwards put into close stopped bottles until cool, when the samples of wood were again weighed and showed a considerable loss of weight, the loss of which increased with the increase of temperature of the steam.—For elm and oak the decrease in weight was one half, ash and walnut two-fifths, and pine one-third. The woods underwent a change of color as the heat was rising from 392 degrees to 482, the walnut became very black showing a kind of tar, formed in the wood by the process, which was found to have a preserving effect on the wood.

#### Newton.

When Sir Isaac Newton was a boy, he was employed in servile labor. Sometimes he was sent to open the gates for the men who were driving the cattle to market. At other times he carried corn to market, or attended the sheep. One day his uncle found him in a hay-loft, working out a mathematical problem and he was sent to school. There he discovered his great and various talents. At the age of eighteen he was sent to the university at Cambridge, England, where he soon distinguished himself.

## Religions.

### FENELON

Saw far into the human heart, and especially into the lurking of self-love. He looked with a piercing eye through the disguises of sin. But he knew sin, not, as most men do, by experience of its power, so much as by his knowledge and experience of virtue. Deformity was revealed to him by his refined perceptions and intense love of moral beauty. The light, which he carried with him into the dark corners of the human heart, and by which he laid open its most hidden guilt, was that of celestial goodness. Hence, though the severest of censors, he is the most pitying. Not a tone of asperity escapes him.—He looks on human error with an angel's tenderness, with tears which an angel might shed, and thus reconciles and binds us to our race, at the very moment of revealing its corruptions.

That Fenelon's views of human nature were dark, too dark, we learn from almost every page of his writings; and at this we cannot wonder. He was early thrown into the very court, from which Rochefoucauld drew his celebrated Maxims, perhaps the spot, above all others on the face of the earth, distinguished and disgraced by selfishness, hypocrisy, and intrigue. When we think of Fenelon in the palace of Louis the Fourteenth, it reminds us of a seraph sent on a divine commission into the abodes of the lost; and when we recollect, that in that atmosphere he composed his Telemachus, we doubt whether the records of the world furnish stronger evidence of the power of divine virtue, to turn temptation into glory and strength, and to make even crowned and prosperous vice a means of triumph and exaltation. Another cause of Fenelon's unjust views of human life may be found, we think, in his profession. All professions tend to narrow and obscure the intellect, and none more than that of a priest. We know not indeed a nobler or more useful function than that of the Christian minister; but superstitious notions and an imagined sanctity have severed him more or less from his race, especially in a church which dooms him to celibacy, and from this unnatural, insulated position, it is impossible for him to judge justly of his kind. We think, too, that Fenelon was led astray by a very common error of exalted minds. He applied too rigorous and unvarying a standard to the multitude. He leaned to the error of expecting the strength of manhood in the child, the harvest in seed-time. On this subject, above all others, we feel that we should speak cautiously. We know that there is a lenity towards human deficiencies full of danger; but there is, too, a severity far more common, and perhaps more ruinous. Human nature, as ordinarily exhibited, merits rebuke; but whoever considers the sore trials, the thick darkness, the impetuous will, the strong passion, under which man commences his moral probation, will temper rebuke with pity and hope. There is a wisdom, perhaps the rarest and sublimest attainment of the intellect, which is at once liberal and severe, indulgent and unbending; which makes mer-

ciful and equitable allowance for the innocent infirmities, the necessary errors, the obstructions and temptations of human beings, and at the same time asserts the majesty of virtue, strengthens the sense of accountableness, binds on us self-denial, and points upward, with a never-ceasing importunity, to moral perfection, as the great aim and only happiness of the human soul. We will not say that Fenelon was a stranger to this broad, comprehensive wisdom, but we cannot name it as his chief distinction.

### A Noble Child.

At one of the anniversaries of a Sabbath School in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive a prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided enquired, "And couldn't you have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and *kept back on purpose*."

"And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again inquired the President, "that taught you this lesson?"

"These was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply; "In honor preferring one another."

### God's Writing.

God hath written his laws three several ways. When he first created man he wrote it then upon his heart by his creating finger. Man was the transcript of God. As he was his handiwork, so he was his handwriting also; man was then the only copy of the law extant in the world. This copy was perfect; but yet it was such as might be blotted and torn. Next, God wrote his law in his Word. The holy scriptures exhibit to us an entire system, both of commands and duties, and this copy is both perfect and durable; such as neither hath suffered, nor can suffer any decay from length of time, or from the rage and malice of men or law upon the heart of man, in his new creation; and this copy is eternally durable; but yet it is but as a writing upon sinking and leaky paper, which in this life is very obscure and full of blots.—*Hopkins*.

### Revelation.

We ask with confidence whether at that period of the world when science unveiled all her splendors, and irradiated the discovered globe from pole to pole; when Philosophy sat upon her throne enjoying the zenith of her power, and when reason had attained the meridian of her glory; a system more honorable to God, more adapted to the wants and the felicity of man, and more productive of moral excellence than that which is suggested in the Scriptures, was produced? We defy skepticism to answer in the affirmative. Did the mild philosophy of Socrates and of Plato; did the elegant mind of Cicero; did all the heathen philosophers in their combined exertions ever produce such affecting elucidations of divine mercy, such delightful discoveries of life and immortality? They never did.—*Dr. W. B. Colliyer*.

## Miscellany.

The following very spirited production, we clip from the Boston Chronotype. It refers to the anticipated execution of Washington Goode, a colored man, who "in a paroxysm of drunken rage" is supposed to have killed his opponent. We do not entirely agree with the author, but he has written in such a bold, unique manner that every one who reads must admire.

It smacks strongly of the style of James Russell Lowell.

### "HANG THE BLACK RASCAL."

Hang him up---he's black and sooty,  
Hang a nigger when you can;  
'Tis a pious, Christian duty,  
Thus to show your love to man.  
"Blood for blood"---sure every bright man---  
Every Christian man will say---  
(But we needn't hang a white man,  
Let his crime be what it may.)

Let the white folks do the killing---  
Murder to the heart's content;  
If convicted, we are willing  
To commute their punishment.  
But if blacks, by wrong imbruted,  
Dare to do this dreadful thing,  
Lo! we'd not have them "commuted,"  
Let the hated rascals swing.

Hang him high for an example;  
Black folks do not often kill;  
Here's a chance to give a sample  
Of the honored hangman's skill.  
Stretch his neck, he's but a nigger,  
One of Afric's hated race;  
What a glorious, heavenly figure,  
Shaming Christians to their face.

He's no friends, besides comeouters,  
Madmen, whom we needn't fear;  
Infidels, fanatics, spouters,  
Such as Garrison and Spear;  
Phillips, Andrew, Wright and Parker,  
Leaders of a motley crew,  
Of all colors, whiter, darker,  
Not worth minding---let 'em stew.

Then let's have the rascal strangled,  
He's been friendless from his birth;  
Better men than he have dangled  
'Twixt the heavens and the earth.  
Break his neck, he's but a stranger,  
Floated to our Christian land;  
We can hang him without danger---  
'Tis a high and holy stand.

Are we not God's law fulfilling,  
When we choke a man to death?  
Why then can we be unwilling  
Men should see him yield his breath?  
Many in this goodly city  
Doubtless would enjoy the sight;  
Certainly 'twould be a pity,  
If they were denied their right.

Raise aloft the Christian gallows,  
Gather round the gaping crowd;  
If you'd make men cold and callous,  
Show him, with his rope and shroud;  
Order out the military,  
Let the bands of music play,  
March him round, as making merry;  
Let us have a gala day.

Put the scaffold on the Common,  
Where the multitude can meet;  
All the schools and ladies summon,  
Let them all enjoy the treat.  
What's the use of being "private"?"  
Hanging is a righteous cause;  
Men should witness what you drive at,  
When you execute the laws.

Gather, gather all the people,  
Let not one be left at home;  
Let them mount on Park-street steeple,  
And the State house lofty dome;  
Ring the bells and fire the cannon;  
Every nook and corner fill,  
'Till there's not a place to stan' on,  
From the tombs to Beacon Hill.

Oh! do hang him---we have waited  
Many a day for such a chance;  
Let the hempen cord be baited:  
See how gracefully he'll dance.  
Dance on nothing! oh, how funny!  
How we'll gloat upon the sight---  
Sure, it's richly worth the money,  
And t' enjoy it we've a right.

### How to Behave at Fires.

#### DIRECTIONS TO PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEMSELVES "GENERALLY USEFUL" AT FIRES.

The moment you hear an alarm, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way except the right way—for the farthest way round is always the nearest to the fire. If you happen to run on top of a wood-pile, so much the better; you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks on your view, "break" for it immediately—but be sure you don't jump into a bow-window. Keep yelling all the time; and if you can't make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling too. "Twill help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a "powerful auxiliary." If you attempt this, however, you must keep an eye clavward. When you reach the scene of fire do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or if you can't do that, throw salt on a rat's tail, and make him run up. The effect will be about the same. If both be found impracticable, a few buckets of water judiciously applied, will answer almost as well. Perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump handle, and pound down the chimney. Don't forget to yell all the time, as it has a prodigious effect in frightening the fire. You might swear a little too if you can do it scientifically. If you belong to the "Northern," d—n the "Friendship;" if to the "Friendship," d—n the "Northern;" and if to neither don't be partial, but d—n both. The louder the better, of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity, the greater the necessity of "going it brown." Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man smoke that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit trees in the lot, cut them down to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. *Don't forget to yell all the time!* Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse—he'll be alive and kicking; and if his legs don't do their duty let them pay for the roast. *Ditto* as to the hogs—let them save their own

bacon, or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and if that don't stop the flames, let the chair-boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the "devouring element" still pursue the "even tenor of its way," you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers and tumble out the tumblers. *Yell all the time!* If you find a baby a-bed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way, but let the kitten down carefully in a work basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers and empty their contents out of the back window, telling somebody to upset the slop barrel and the rain water hogshead at the same time. Of course you will attend to the mirror. The farther you can throw it the more pieces will be made. If any body objects, smash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story—the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life;—set it astraddle of your shoulders, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed clothes on the floor, and show the spectators that you can "beat the bugs" at knocking a bedstead apart and chopping up the pieces.

By the time you have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building burnt down. In either case your services will be no longer needed, and of course you need no further directions.—*Valley Spirit.*

### Model Bar Appeal.

Judge, your time I know is precious, as must be the case with so able and valued a member of society. This case is perfectly clear, and I know your learning and lucid intelligence. For me to argue would be not only a waste of time, but an insult to your penetration. Much might be said, but nothing is needed. Before any other judge I would lay down the rules of law, but here I know they have been deeply studied, and wisely understood. I look around me and behold an humble house of logs, yet see before me the spirit of truth, the unpurchased distributor of law, and the old tenement rises before my mental vision, proud and beautiful as a majestic temple to justice. Judge, I have a bottle of old prime Monongahela in my pocket; for the respect I bear your character, allow me to make you a present of it.

"Verdict for the defendant," said the judge.

### The Complexion.

The best way of securing a good complexion is to lay in a stock of good health and good temper, and take care to keep up the supply. You can never have a good complexion without a clear skin, and you can never have a clear skin while the blood is diseased; and the blood will always be diseased, if the temper be diseased. To say "the blood is up" and "the temper is up," are controversial terms, commonly used to mean the same thing. If then, a lady would retain her good looks, she must give "the go-by" to the dumps, and mind to be cheerful, gay, and good natured. We know of no cosmetic equal to the sunny smile. It gives the grace of beauty to the swarthy hue, and makes even freckles and pockmarks passable.

## THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

## A Word with our Readers.

Our new type has come, and we put on our new dress, for the first time, this week. Don't you think we ought to be proud of it? And then our paper too, which has been variable in times past, we have made arrangements to have in future, of a uniform quality. So much for our external appearance, and now for the matter in our columns. Almost simultaneously with our new type, came a mass of correspondence and original articles, which we have on hand ready for coming numbers, and we have the assurance of a plenty of the same sort in future. We have received words of encouragement from men, of whose notice, we may well be proud. On the whole we think our paper thus far has been creditable, yet it has fallen far, very far short of our ideal. The family affairs of Mr. Acton are assuming a more favorable aspect, and we hope soon to have another of the President Stories. To all we would say, if you like our enterprise, help us while we need help. Extend our subscription list, and send in communications. We are as friends to vigorous thought, and if uttered in manly terms, we will give it place, although it may not accord with our own views and sentiments.

## European Affairs.

The news received by the Caledonia is in the highest degree interesting. All Europe is convulsed. The triumphs of despotism over the liberty of the people, appears to be at an end. The Magyars have been victorious in every quarter, and with the assistance of the Poles, and other nations who have been ground to earth by the same iron heel, they will be able to bid defiance to the hordes of Tartars which will be sent down from the great northern hive. Great Britain and France, too, jealous of the influence of Russia and of her advance westward, have interposed, and the result may be a universal European war, in which the Anglo-Saxon race *must* be arrayed on the side of liberty. Germany is in a complete state of revolt, and the grand ideas of equality and fraternity, are constantly gaining ground. The great German nation is at heart republican, and nothing can stay their onward march, until their political liberty is obtained.—Kings and nobles who endeavor to stay the torrent will be at once overwhelmed. Nationalized, united, and free, the Germans will stand the bulwark of Europe, shielding the western nations from the barbarian hordes of central Asia.

By the imbecility of the Ministry and President of France, or their marvelous want of foresight, we have the extraordinary spectacle of citizens of two sister republics, but just escaped from tyranny, cutting each other's throats. These things must necessarily occur, when such mistakes, as the election of Louis Napoleon President of France, take place.

From almost all parts of Europe can we see signs of promise and hope, and only from poor Ireland comes the wail of unmixed despair. There, pestilence treads hard upon the heel of famine, and the people, dying by thousands, eagerly feed upon the dead carcasses of animals. The horrible con-

dition of things can scarcely be exaggerated. Thousands of the intelligent middle classes, are emigrating to America, which is now the home of the oppressed of all lands.

## The Cholera.

Death should be regarded by the true philosopher and the hopeful Christian, as a mere barrier between two intimately related stages of existence. It is a barrier which all must pass, and happy is he who can look upon it with pleasing recollections of life, and bright anticipations of the future. How gloomy, must be his reflections, who looks upon death as the extinguishment of a consumed taper, a mournful leap into hopeless oblivion, or a horrid plunge into an eternity of woe! To such, the Cholera will be a Demon of unmitigated calamity and wrath. So, too, would Death appear in any form, and at any period of life.

But the brave and hopeful enter upon such scenes, willing to die, yet expecting to live.

Like the devoted soldier upon the battle-fields of his country and in defence of human rights, they will boldly meet duty and danger, and trust the results to an overruling Omnipotence.

By all, however, the ordinary and well recommended means of prevention, should be intelligently and hopefully applied. These means are not hidden nor magical in their character:—they are such as intelligent observation would discover and appropriate in other circumstances powerful agencies in preserving health and prolonging life. Whoever lives temperately, dresses comfortably, exercises regularly, breathes a wholesome and unconfin'd atmosphere, and avoids corroding anxiety and care, and especially the terrific excitement of horror, or the sinking despondency of gloomy fear, will probably be exempt from this, so much dreaded, messenger of Death.

According to the accounts of this disease from our Southern and Western cities, few, except the intemperate, the filthy, the vicious, and the degraded, or those who are in new and unfavorable habitudes of life, become victims to this sudden destroyer. That such individuals should suffer, is not surprising. Let those who are enjoying all the healthful advantages of country life, or the most favorable residences of cities, only spend a few hours in visiting the unfashionable streets and narrow, uncleaned-for lanes, where may be found the homes of misery and want—let them examine the crowded, unventilated, uncomfortable cellars and attics, where their less favored neighbors are prolonging a gloomy existence, and they will not wonder that every prevailing malady carries its thousands to the tomb.

It is said that the average duration of life in England has increased, of late, nearly one-third. This is doubtless owing very much to the more general knowledge of physiology and the laws of health.—We have no doubt that the study of physiology in the schools of this country, will prolong the average life of our pupils, from five to ten years. Amid this intellectual advancement, even this awful scourge of the nations, begins to be looked upon with some degree of familiarity and hope, and, doubtless the time is not far distant, when it will be regarded as one of the ordinary and controllable forms of disease.

In the mean time, let every one live intelligently and temperately,—as he would live under ordinary circumstances, in order to guard himself from the incidental ills of life, and, though surrounded by this dreaded scourge, he will, probably, remain unharmed.

## GLEANINGS.

— The Telegraph announces the appointment of the Hon. James R. Lawrence, of this city, as United States District Attorney for the Northern District of New York, vice Geo. W. Clinton, of Buffalo.

— The entire consumption of wheat in the British Empire, is about 240,000,000 of bushels in a year.

— The total quantity of precious metals in circulation, is £700,000,000, of which one-fourth consists of gold, and the remainder of silver.

— The average duration of human life has increased 30 per cent. in England in 100 years.

— The overflow of the Mississippi, has injured General Taylor's cotton plantation to the amount of thirty thousand dollars.

— It is supposed that during the past two years, the population of Montreal (Canada,) has decreased something like 10,000.

— Victor Emanuel, the young King of Sardinia, had three horses shot under him in the late disastrous battle with the Austrians.

— **METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.**—From a recent exhibit of this vast establishment in New York, its assets appear to be \$643,217 60, while its liabilities amount to \$6,403 94 only. The profits of the concern are annually divided among the several conferences.

— The Charter Oak will probably survive the late fire, great pains having been taken by the present proprietor to remedy the effects of the flames.

— The Hon. Thomas Corwin has consented to deliver the annual address before the Agricultural Society of Ohio.

— The Dominicans, the inhabitants of the Spanish part of Hayti, have beaten back the Haytians in three sanguinary battles.

— To make a man eligible to the Senate of South Carolina, he must own 500 acres of land and ten negroes.

— The exports of tea to the United States from China, from January 1st to the 18th of February, 1849, was 6,137,400 pounds, of which quantity 1,521,000 pounds were black, and 4,615,400 were green. Of the green tea, 3,022,600 pounds were Young Hyson.

— In Great Britain, every 50th person is a drunkard. Every 280th a prisoner, every 700th a lunatic.

— If the Danes lose the territory of Schleswig-Holstein, it will be a loss of about one-third of their whole territory.

— The New Orleans Delta, of the 17th ult., announced strawberries and blackberries of delicious flavor; and they were sleighing in Vermont, and crossing the St. Lawrence on the ice at Quebec. Vot a country!

— **CANADIAN ANNEXATION.**—The Quebec Gazette says, that the prospectus of a paper for the advocacy of annexation, has been issued in Montreal. The capital requisite for the purpose (£3,000 as we are told) is to be taken up in shares, several of which have been already subscribed for.

— Montreal, May 29, 1849.—His Excellency, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Commander of the forces, expired this morning, at half-past nine, at Donnegana's, in this city.

— From the 1st to the 22d May, there were 65 deaths in Chicago, of which 31 were from Cholera.

— **BOSTON ANNIVERSARIES.**—Nearly twenty benevolent societies, hold their anniversaries at Boston this week, commencing on Monday the 28th.

— The number of rainy days in England during the past year, was one hundred and sixty-one.

**Educational.****Education of John Q. Adams.****No. I.**

Two opposite ideas have long prevailed in relation to the causes of individual greatness and peculiar character. One party avers that all are predetermined by their innate abilities to inferiority, mediocrity or to superior influence and station.

That poets, and orators, and heroes, are born to be such, while the wood-hewers and water-drawers of society should not aspire to any higher estate, is by the advocates of this theory boldly proclaimed.

On the contrary, another class of thinkers declare that all are molded and destined entirely by circumstances and education—that youthful Cæsars and Napoleons, Platos and Bacons, Homers and Shakespeares, DeStaels and Hemanses are prattling around us on every hand.

Neither of these opposing ideas appear to us to be founded in reason or fact. We have too ample evidence that many are born with little or no intellect, while others are favored with great native talent. These are exceptions—not the general rule. We think the most reasoning poet in the world has properly expressed the effect of mental culture and discipline, when he says,

“Tis education forms the *common* mind.”

Education, to a great extent, molds the masses; but it cannot make a sage of natural imbecility, nor can defective opportunities always fetter the struggles of powerful genius.

It may be well if the advocates of the omnipotence of circumstances and cultivation, would use more discrimination in the bestowment of rare advantages; while those blest with superior endowments should remember, “there can be no great excellence without great labor.”

John Quincy Adams was not a *genius* in the ordinary sense of that term. He had good natural abilities; perhaps, in some respects, he possessed great intellectual endowments. So too do hundreds and thousands of the boys and girls in our schools, our shops, and our fields. Adams was a precocious youth. So too are many in every generation and age.

The greatness and glory which now so deservedly adorn the venerated name of John Quincy Adams, depends, to a great extent, upon the circumstances in which he was placed, and the superior education which his talented father and mother bestowed upon his early years. Let every parent read, and, as nearly as possible, imitate the intelligent care and culture which prepared him for the duties of the future patriot, Christian and sage. Good native ability, thorough mental discipline, and a proper sphere of action, may raise your offspring to equal dignity, and immortal renown.

We condense some account of his education from his *Life by Seward*.

Until 1777, then ten years of age, he was instructed at home by her who in long after years, he was accustomed to call his almost adored mother, aided by a law student in the office of his father. When but nine years old, he wrote to his father the following letter:

Braintree, June 2nd, 1777.

Dear Sir,

I love to receive letters very well; much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition. My head is much to fickle. My thoughts are running after birds' eggs, play and

trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me a studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Rollin's History, but designed to have got half through it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent. Mr. Thaxter is absent at Court. I have set myself a stint this week, to read the third volume half out. If I can but keep my resolution, I may again at the end of the week give a better account of myself.—I wish, sir, you would give me in writing, some instructions with regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play, and I will keep them by me, and endeavor to follow them.

With the present determination of growing better, I am, dear sir, your son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

P. S. Sir—if you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind.

A P. S. to a letter of John Adams in Feb. following says:

“Johnny sends his duty to his mamma, and his love to his sisters and brothers. He behaves like a man.”

“He behaves like a man!”—Words which gave presage of the future character of John Quincy Adams. His education had now commenced: an education in the principles of heroic action, by John Adams, the colossus of the American Revolution. How devoted he was to this important charge, and with what true philosophy he conducted it, may be seen by the following letter written about that time by him, to Mrs. Adams:

“Human nature, with all its infirmities and depravation, is still capable of great things. It is capable of attaining to degrees of wisdom and of goodness which we have reason to believe appear respectable in the estimation of superior intelligences.—Education makes a greater difference between man and man, than nature has made between man and brute. The virtue and powers to which men may be trained, by early education and constant discipline, are truly sublime and astonishing.

“Newton and Locke are examples of the deep sagacity which may be acquired by long habits of thinking and study. Nay, your common mechanics and artisans are proofs of the wonderful dexterity acquired by use; a watchmaker, finishing his wheels and springs, a pin or needle-maker &c. I think there is a particular occupation in Europe, which is called paper staining, or linen staining. A man who has long been habituated to it, shall sit for a whole day, and draw upon paper various figures, to be imprinted upon the paper for rooms, as fast as his eye can roll and his fingers move, and no two of his draughts shall be alike. The Saracens, the knights of Malta, the army and navy in the service of the English Republic, among many others, are instances to show to what an exalted height, valor or bravery or courage may be raised, by artificial means.

“It should be your care therefore, and mine, to elevate the minds of our children, and exalt their courage, to accelerate and animate their industry and activity, to excite in them an habitual contempt of meanness, abhorrence of injustice and inhumanity, and an ambition to excel in every capacity, faculty, and virtue. If we suffer their minds to grovel and creep in infancy, they will grovel and creep all their lives.

“But their bodies must be hardened, as well as their souls exalted. Without strength, and activity and vigor of body, the brightest mental excellencies will be eclipsed and obscured.

“JOHN ADAMS.”

No one can read this extraordinary letter, and compare it with the actual character of John Quincy Adams as ultimately developed, without regarding that character as a fulfilment, in all respects, of the prayers and purposes of his illustrious parent.

**Hints to Schoolmasters.**

“Be not sarcastic. Some teachers have a natural tendency to say things which cut through a boy's heart like a knife. A scholar makes some mistake; instead of a simple reproof comes a tone of ridicule. The boy feels wronged. One is stung into revengeful passion, another crushed with despair. I do not think a child should ever be mimicked, even for a drawing tone, without explaining before hand that it is not for ridicule, but to show in what the fault consists; while the scorching sarcasm which some teachers use, should be wholly abolished. It tends to call up bad passions, and to engender bad feelings, in the child's mind, towards the teacher and all that he does.

“A teacher, in order that he may best exert a moral and spiritual influence, should be familiar and gentle. There is, no doubt, a dignity that is essential in the school room, but it need not partake of *arrogance*. True dignity must always be connected with simplicity. Children are keen observers, and they either shrink from artificial austerity, or smile at it as absurd. A teacher who should walk about his school, with a *domineering* manner, might talk about moral and spiritual truth till he was weary, and do little good. To produce much good, a teacher must win the confidence and love of the children; and to do this, he should in his manners be natural and gentle.

“So with the tone of the voice. If a teacher is sharp and crabbed in his speech, if he calls out with *dogmatical authority*, he shuts up the hearts of his scholars, and the spell is broken;—they will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

“A subdued manner, and a low, kind tone, will work wonders. Some always speak in the *imperative* mood. “Fifth boy, second division, bring your book this way.” Another says, “Master A—, will you bring me your book.”

“Now both boys know they are to obey; but the first does with some degree of scorn, what the other does cheerfully. Who would not rather be asked than ordered?”

**PUBLIC LIBRARIES.**—From the Report of the Smithsonian Institute, it appears that were in 1848, in the libraries of Germany, 5,500,000 volumes; in those of France, 5,000,000; in those of England, 2,500,000; in those of Russia, 1,500,000; in those of the United States only two have over 50,000 volumes each; and only nine have 20,000 volumes each.

**BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.**—This library has in it 435,000 printed volumes; 10,221 maps and charts; 20,626 volumes of MSS.; 2946 rolls of various kinds, &c. Bodleian Library, at Oxford, has 220,000 volumes, and 21,000 in MSS.

**SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—By the last Government Report, on the condition of Schools, it appears that there are at least 20,000 children in them, and that the cause of education is still advancing.

## Literary.

## NEW BOOKS.

A VISIT TO MONASTERIES IN THE LEVANT. *By the Hon. Robert Curzon.* New York: George P. Putnam. 1849.

Books of travel in the East have become so frequent, that we are about as well acquainted with the ruins of Egypt, the wild Bedouins of the desert, and the sacred places of Scripture, as we are with New York and London. A journey through Egypt and Palestine, in this age of steam, is not considered so great an undertaking as a journey from New York to Buffalo forty years ago. The consequence of this wonderful increase of traveling facilities, is, that every kind of personage, from the philosophic scholar and antiquarian, to the retailer of codfish and molasses, makes journeys, and visits all remarkable places. The more ignorant the person, the greater his conceit, and after viewing the pyramids, shooting at an alligator in the Nile, and looking into the slave market at Cairo, he conceives he is amply qualified to enlighten his fellows, and forthwith writes a book of travels. This mania seems on the increase, and we have many works destitute of a single feature which should recommend them to the public.

The work before us is an exception to the class we have mentioned, and indeed, detailing as it does the results of a journey in the years 1833 and 4, before Egypt became the great thoroughfare of nations, and hence, before European customs had in any considerable measure encroached upon the manners of the natives, it could scarcely fail of being of great interest. The author has left the old beaten tracts of travelers, and introduced us to the monasteries of the East, which for a long time successfully resisted the encroachment of Mahomedanism, and proved the bulwarks of Christianity.

His object, in visiting these convents, was to collect old manuscripts which have been hidden for ages, and to recover the records of ancient times. He was eminently successful in his antiquarian researches, and has brought to light many a volume of forgotten lore.

The descriptive powers of the author are excellent, and he has the happy faculty, like our countryman Stephens, of investing little, every-day incidents, with great interest. His style, though generally pleasant and correct, is sometimes marred by verbal errors, and by not following the plainest rules of grammar, in the use of relatives and connectives. We are sure no one can sit down to the perusal of the work without being both interested and instructed.

Of its typographical execution, all we need say in its praise is, that it is issued by George P. Putnam.

For sale at Wynkoop's.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF GREECE: *Ancient and Modern.* *By S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales.* Philadelphia: Sorin and Ball, and Samuel Agnew.

This work is one of a series, part of which we have already noticed. It embraces the principal features mentioned in the others, viz.; a description of the arts, sciences, literature, &c., of a country, as well as its battles and kings.

In this volume, the author has given a somewhat detailed account of the Greek Mythology. We are rejoiced at this, for too many who pretend to study History, and even the Classics, are ignorant, for want of opportunity, of that stupendous old fabric of heathenism, the joint production of priests and poets, on which, as a foundation, were reared

their beautiful works of Literature and Art. Every memento of Ancient Greece, is entwined with relics of her Mythology; not a Poem, an Oration, a History—not a picture, a statue, nor a temple—not a vase, or an implement of labor even,—but what illustrates, in some way, their glorious old fables of gods and heroes. But to nearly all of us, these revelations are as voiceless oracles; we can but dimly see the spirit of the beautiful, through the mists of ignorance. We may casually admire a pictured Hercules, or a plaster Venus, because we find, even there, a nameless something that touches answering sympathy of *Taste*, but no intelligent thinking—no philosophical appetite, is awakened by the survey.

With the aid of the illustrations, we think a pupil may gain a tolerable idea of this subject; enough, at all events, to incite and assist him to investigate it.

A PRACTICAL FRENCH TEACHER; *or a new method of learning to read, write, and speak, the French Language.* *By Norman Pinney, A. M.* New York: Hardington & Savage. 1849.

This system is similar to that of Ollendorf. The arrangement of the two books is very similar. The author disclaims ever having seen Ollendorf's method till his own was nearly completed, and renders it ample justice in commendation; still, he thinks certain features objectionable, and proceeds to point them out in a spirit of great fairness.

We cannot doubt, from a very hasty examination, that the work is a valuable assistant to the tyro in French.

The mechanical execution of the work is highly creditable.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. *A Quarterly Miscellany; vol. III., Nos. 1 and 2.* 1849. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber, Agent.

The Prospectus for the present year, thus commences: "And so it will remain working. For when, one year ago, to-day, we sent out this Magazine into the world, we said, 'It comes for work; if it finds employment, it will remain working; if not, it will go home again next year.' Now, it has already gained an audience of more than five thousand of the most thoughtful and cultivated of our American population; and for them, and for others who may come after it, it will go on in the same spirit with which it began."

The NINETEENTH CENTURY is the largest and most beautiful Magazine in the world. It is designed as a field where good men of all creeds may advance and sustain their peculiar views. The columns are open to any proper question, provided it be discussed in a philosophical manner—free from personalities. By this means it is hoped that *truth* may be elicited, and the minds of men enlightened.

We bid so praiseworthy an object, God speed. The articles we have read, abound in great thoughts and noble impulses. As an example of the strength enlisted in its support, Horace Greeley contributes to it, *alone*, his elaborate compositions.

The Editor, C. CHAUNCEY BURR, spent a few days in this city, not long since, and enlisted many warm admirers, by his eloquent and feeling addresses on subjects of reform.

In consequence of a recent arrangement, the work can be obtained, in Syracuse, at \$2.00 per annum.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 263.

CONTENTS: Female Immorality—its Causes and

Remedies; the Vanity and Glory of Literature; Lady Alice, or the New Una; History of Horse Shoeing; L'Enlumineuse; Snodgrass, the Inventor; Recent Events in Italy; Poetry, &c.

For sale at Palmer's.

## Correspondence.

## Visit to Auburn.

## Editors Literary Union:

Having recently made a visit to our city neighbor of Old Cayuga, I send you some account of my observations.

The contrast between Auburn and Syracuse, is, in some respects, favorable to one,—in some, to the other. The Central City has much greater natural advantages, public houses infinitely superior, greater facilities for growth and pecuniary acquisition, with already twice the population of our neighbor, and prospectively, a much greater proportion.

On the contrary, Auburn has a more varied and beautiful location; its water power is greater; it enjoys the advantages of an Academy, and a Theological Seminary, and the pecuniary facilities furnished by the labor, care, and support of so large a number of Convicts. It is also the home of much unindebted wealth, and of some prominent business and political characters.

The varied undulations of the *terra firma*, there, afford most admirable locations for dwellings, strongly contrasting with the ocean-like level of our own swampy vale. Here, nearness to the Depot, the Post Office and the great centre of traveling and commercial business, appears to form an over-ruling consideration in the selections for homes. Consequently, bare walls without trees, without gardens, without fruit, without shade or ornament, without even a few feet of verdant and ornamental courtyard, too often form the externally uninviting mansions of luxury and wealth. Why not have a little more of God's earth, and ornament it with the velvet turf, the beautiful flowers, the luscious fruits, the captivating and refreshing shade! These adornments cost comparatively little, and in the country they make a paradise—in the city, a miniature heaven.

We hope the few elevated and beautiful locations in the first and second Wards, and the "little mountains about Jerusalem" will yet become the most interesting and attractive features in our landscape. Let the fortunate man of business, in his retirement, look down with satisfaction upon the hum and eager strife for worldly emolument below.

We saw in Auburn many evidences of great thrift and improvement. The new mammoth manufactory of woolens, large enough to employ five or six hundred individuals, is quite a city of itself. Near this, in connection with Prof. Hopkins, we found rich specimens of septaria embracing a large variety of crystals and simple minerals peculiar to this formation.

At the termination of two of the principal streets, on a somewhat favorable site, stands the residence or rather unique mansion of Wm. H. Seward. Derby, Miller and Co., have just issued his Life of John Quincy Adams, and he is now in one of the Carolinas trying an important suit at law. Seward is a member of the Episcopal Church in Auburn, but frequently attends elsewhere, both at home and abroad. To Roman Catholics, and Orthodox and Heterodox Protestants of all denominations, he has been liberal in every way in which his liberality could be exercised. Reader! "Go thou and do likewise."

With his immediate neighbors, he is generally very popular, and some of them are so sanguine as to believe that he will be the next, or some future President of the Republic.

We visited some of the public schools, and found them doing well, though much inferior, in many respects, to those of our own Central City.

No. 2, on Genesee street, averages 140 pupils. Mr. King's salary, \$400, Miss Dewell's wages, \$4 per week. No. 4, averages about 150 pupils, under the charge of Mr. Williams and Lady, who receive together \$600. No. 10 has 120 pupils; Mr. Nelson's salary \$400; Miss Baldwin receives \$4 per week. This is the only school in which three teachers are employed. No. 1 averages 60 pupils, in charge of Mr. Paddock, whose salary is \$400. There are some other small schools in the border portions of the city. These teachers are doing very well and deserve much credit, but the City of Auburn does not. The citizens must open their hearts and purses before they can expect the *best schools*. They must build larger and better school-houses, have more departments in each school, and pay their instructors a much higher compensation.—When all classes of citizens there feel willing to expend their money and send their own children to the public schools, then may Auburn point, with honorable pride to them, and say, "these are my jewels."

We spent several very pleasant and profitable hours within the venerable walls of the Auburn Academy. The building is being thoroughly repaired, externally and internally,—the rooms remodeled, and that important auxiliary to the teacher and pupil, viz: *single desks*, will be used throughout. Something less than \$1000 will be expended—an outlay which is indispensable to the welfare of the Institution, and is due to the poorly paid labors and long continued sacrifices of its worthy Principal. Prof. Hopkins, a worthy scion of "Old Yale," has spent twelve years of the prime of his life in sustaining this Institution. He is a ripe scholar, a gentleman, and an enthusiastic laborer in the great cause of education and human improvement. He is also as full of good nature and fun, as an egg is of meat. He has long been one of our best naturalists. He has a large collection of minerals and fossils, and his ornithological cabinet is very valuable indeed.

The learned Professor, with his double-barreled fowling piece, has, for years, been the terror, and often the death of the winged visitants to this section of the State, till now, at least one specimen of almost all the rare varieties, adorns his well filled study.

He believes that a greater variety of ornithological specimens can be obtained about the Montezuma Marsh, the salt licks, and the lakes of Western N. Y., than even in the celebrated localities of Long Island and New Jersey.

Here are the feathered denizens of the inland hills, the wide-spread marsh, and also of the sea; and the scientific visitor to Auburn should not fail to examine their preserved forms in the cabinet of Prof. II.

One so well qualified, so devoted to his profession and the advancement of Natural Science, deserves not only the gratification which such pursuits afford, but he also deserves the gratitude, the honor, and the liberal support of the community in which he labors.

ANNOTATOR.

BOSTON, May 14, 1849.

Editors *Literary Union*:

GENTLEMEN.—The fifth No. of your paper is now received, and I cannot longer withhold an ex-

pression of my entire approbation of the manner in which you have thus far carried out the object of its institution, as expressed in your first number.—True, many and strong additional arguments might be adduced in demonstration of the want, in our country, of a multitude of Papers, Journals, Reviews, &c., having in view the same ends as "The Literary Union." Still, I cannot think, that in an enlightened and reflecting community, this can be a point of controversy. "The Literary Union" must, then, be known and appreciated in proportion to the faithfulness and ability it shall maintain in the accomplishment of the praiseworthy and glorious objects of its establishment. Knowing, as I do, the spirit and motives with which you have undertaken so arduous a task, and the aid and sympathy which many a well-wisher of his country and his country's Literature, must feel in duty bound to render, I cannot but anticipate, and even predict, the complete success of the enterprise.

You, as its projectors and immediate laborers in so great a work, cannot fail to reap a rich reward, in the consciousness of having contributed your mite towards the improvement and elevation of our common Humanity.

In reply to your kind invitation to contribute occasionally to the columns of "The Literary Union," I can only say that my humble services are at your command. You shall hear from me soon. \*

The following paragraph, from one of the Faculty of the State Normal School, will be read with pleasure by all friends of that excellent institution:

ALBANY, 3d May, 1849.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The School has opened very full, there being about one hundred and twenty new students.—There has not been so great a turn-out since the second term. In point of ability and intelligence, the new class are superior to many of their predecessors.

"We shall enter the new building on the first of July, or thereabouts."

While our hand is in, we must give one other extract, to gratify our own love of praise:

"I hope the "UNION" is gaining, as it deserves, in popular estimation. There is an air of freshness and vigor about it, truly agreeable and peculiarly acceptable."

\* \* \* \* \*

"If I was one of those great city traders," said a country youth, "I should be ashamed to keep advertising one single 'ho for California; shovels are better, and they might as well advertise a thousand on 'em while they are about it."

\* \* \* \* \*

AN ARAB RETORT.—"Why do you not thank God," asked Mansur of an Arab, "that, since I have been your ruler, you have never been afflicted with the plague?"

"God is too good to send two scourges upon us at once," was the reply, but it cost the speaker his life.

\* \* \* \* \*

A MODEST MAN.—Horace Mann says, "I once heard the same sentiment expressed in the pulpit, from the lips of an eminent divine: 'I am right, and I know I am right, and I know I know it.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

A correspondent asks us if "we wear a moustache." Not that we are aware of. And yet, when low spirited we always feel "a little down about the mouth."—*National Intelligencer*.

\* \* \* \* \*

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we appear to be.

## News.

### FOREIGN.

#### England.

The judgement of the court in the case of C. Brien and McManus, has been confirmed by the House of Lords.

The bill for removing the Jewish disabilities, has been read a second time by an increased majority.

A bill for the repeal of the navigation laws, has passed the House of Lords.

#### Ireland.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—The approaching summer is likely to be one of greater horror and misery than we have yet seen. Disease is cutting away the population at a rate not easily estimated; and the people, under the pressure of their wretchedness, are fast degenerating into brutality. The poor are buried by stealth, unconfined, and at night.—Parents bury their children in gardens and by-places, to hide the fact of their death, "in order that their miserable pittance of meal might not be stopped." The dogs are turning into beasts of prey; and we heard a few days since of a dog horrifying a parcel of men assembled at a smith's forge, by rushing among them with the head of a child in its mouth, which, no doubt, it had scraped out of its shallow, hasty grave. [Kerry Post, 7th.

We have been able to read through some of the paragraphs published under the heading "State of Ireland." The first item on the list is—we can scarcely write it—the carrion food, we should rather say the carrion poison—of a horse that died of fever being devoured by hungry creatures in the madness of famine—delirium. Of course they died. Then comes a case, though less revolting, more heart-rending. The brother leaves home for a coffin to recover the remains of his dead brother; on his way back, at three miles distance, he faints under his burden—and expires. The two brothers were buried together. Coming down along the catalogue we met the Kenmare tragedy. In that instance *one hundred and seventy-six* persons had been lately discharged from the work-houses.—*six* of them perished on the public roads on the way homeward. There is no need to dwell on these awful facts. These isolated wails of death that reach the public ear, are but the exceptions to the general rule. In the remote villages—among the mountains where the poor had made their homes—how many hundreds perish, whose death agonies no eye but that of Heaven sees—whose fate the recording angel alone writes in the judgement book of the Almighty.—*Freeman's Journal*, 12th.

#### France.

The Bonaparte family quarrel still continues.

A serious riot has broken out in the army, which is supposed to be caused by the rapid spread of the Socialist doctrines.

An effort has been made to impeach the President for violating the fifth Art. of the constitution.

Exciting debates have taken place in regard to Italian affairs, and the course of the Ministry has been sustained by a very small majority.

The defeat of Gen. Ordinot has caused great excitement.

#### Rome.

The avowed reason of Gen. Ordinot for entering the Roman dominions, was, to prevent an Austrian invasion. Upon his advance towards the city, a Protest against "the invasion" was received from the "Central Committee." The Gen. replied, that he should enter Rome by force if not

quietly received. Thereupon barricades were hastily erected, and he was received by such a well directed fire of musketry that he was obliged to retreat with the loss of 200 killed and several hundred wounded.

A Roman account states that more than 600 were killed, and that many of the French prisoners have declared that they had been tricked into the expedition by promises of being led against the Austrians.

A Neapolitan army is said to be on the march to aid the French.

#### Germany.

The quarrels between the Parliaments and their respective Princes, have reached the highest pitch of excitement.

A tremendous conflict of several days, between the republicans and soldiers, took place in the streets of Dresden.

Insurrections have also broken out in Leipsic, Breslau, Coblenz, and various other places.

The Danes have again been defeated.

The King of Hanover has fled on account of a *revolt of his subjects*.

#### Austria and Hungary.

The Hungarians have again been victorious, and the Austrian Empire is in actual danger of dissolution, from their continued successes.

Russian troops are advancing to the assistance of the Austrians.

It is rumored that the Poles are about to rise to assist their brother patriots in Hungary.

It is stated that the Courts of Great Britain and France have protested against Russian intervention.

### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

#### Cholera.

A few cases have occurred in New York city, but it does not appear to be on the increase.

From New Orleans and other Southern cities, we are receiving more favorable accounts.

It still rages at St. Louis—thirty deaths occurring in a day.

The crevasses at New Orleans were enlarging at the latest account.

Much fear is entertained that the business part of the city will be flooded.

Vesuvius, after a long period of tranquility, has commenced launching out rather furiously within the last month. We are not astonished at this, and we only wonder the mountain contained itself so long, for it had really become the only party in Italy that had not indulged in an outbreak.—*Punch.*

As Father Matthew was positively to sail for this country in the 21st ult., he is now for the first time in his life, perhaps, *half seas over*.

Detroit is about to be lighted with gas. [I] So is Syracuse.

The Wheat crop in every county of Wisconsin, is said to be remarkably promising. The same is said of Illinois, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio.

It is said, by the New York Observer, that the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who has recently created such a sensation by his abandonment of the Church of England, is expected to arrive in this country very soon.

We understand that Messrs. J. W. Foster, of Ohio, and J. D. Whitney, of Mass. have been appointed United States' Geologists, to take charge of and complete the survey of the Mineral Lands bordering on Lake Superior. This survey has been heretofore conducted by Dr. C. T. Jackson, of this city.—*Boston Journal.*

### Political.

#### Greely in Congress.

The advent in the National Councils of Horace Greeley—the dauntless reformer, the well-tried partisan, the powerful editor, the irreproachable citizen, yet always the eccentric and the unaccountable man of the masses, in each and every phase of his trifold life—was met by the whole body of his colleagues with close and somewhat distrustful scrutiny. His course, his manners, and his personal appearance, had been so widely, so unsparingly, and so contradictorily criticized by friend and foe, that no one of those who were strangers to him could draw for another his own vague idea of the grotesque monster of abolitionism, retrenchment, and opposition, which was henceforth to confuse their councils.

One day, a tall, fair man, not ill-proportioned but carelessly put together, stands up, and in a clear, earnest tone, tells them, the astonished Congress, in plain, uncomputed phrase, of the dishonesty of their mileage distribution. He was dressed, like half of them, in a suit of simple black, of the usual cut, pitched on in the profoundest forgetfulness of grace and style—for those are things which, in connection with dress, have no existence in Greeley's mind; but there is no lack of downright cleanliness about it, or the person it covers, for the pure invigorating habitudes of cold water shine out all over him; the deficiency is in the smooth graces of finish. His toilette is not barbarous, it is only incomplete.

The same may be said of his manner of speaking; it is not incorrect, it is not so positively faulty as that of many of his compeers, but it wants roundness and polish. It requires that study which would seem unstudied. His head, with its thin circlet of pale golden hair, like the tonsure of a monk, is noble and expressive, but most peculiar and perplexing in its expression. The upper part is massive and powerful, the lower face as beautiful, tender and kindly as a woman's. The head is almost entirely bald, yet the complexion has the pure rose-leaf delicacy of tint of a blonde maiden of sixteen; and these incongruities deprive one of the power of defining him. One can hardly say whether he is gentle poet or rough partisan—statesman or dreamer—hard or kindly—inflexible or gentle—you can come immediately to no conclusion but that he is nothing but himself and like nothing but himself—Horace Greeley.

And this Horace Greeley—this double type of the cold conservative past and the hopeful, promising future—has his mission to accomplish, and, whether done with grace or not, a part of his work was done at the past session of Congress. He laid bare the roots of a wicked growth of cancerous weeds when he whetted the scythe to cut away the mileage system. Honorable members stood aghast at the unprecedented directness with which he called dishonesty and corruption—dishonesty and corruption, and not by the courtly names of mistakes and perquisites. He stormed the strongholds of legislative abuses with the calmest indifference to the tender sensibilities of their patrons; and, as was inevitable, he raised against him the whole array of privileged classes, who sought to overwhelm him with a hot fusilade of forms, technicalities and contradictions. It was one man against two hundred—for almost thus great was the disproportion between the guiltless and those who, in some way, by votes of books, maps, extra-mileage or other accustomed forms of legalized distribution of spoils, had committed petty larcenies on the public funds

—yet in the end, that man by the aid of truth, perseverance and popular justice, will most assuredly triumph. Not one of those two hundred clamorous defenders of corruption can be found, four years hence, willing to speak on the matter, except to deny or explain away their present position.

It was perhaps the mistake of Greeley, as a tactician, that he attacked the individual participants instead of the legalized forms of corruption; but the results will be quite as effectual. The public attention has been aroused, the press will be obliged to note and discuss; and under the sunlight of popular investigation these abuses will wither and die out. Not that the mileage in itself is an abuse. It is but equitable that distant members should be in some sort indemnified for their expenses of travel, and for the loss incidental to a long stay at a great distance from their business; and the man fit for Congress is likely to have affairs of interest at home; but this should be fairly, accurately, and lawfully adjusted. No liberal man objects to the amount of the congressional salary and mileage, but all men object to contraband additions, and dishonest perquisites, and among these Horace Greeley has launched a bright and scorching light. Its coming startled and offended the sleeping owls of the Capitol, and their special presses have hissed and screamed at the burning torch, but to the people it is an acceptable blaze, and those presses which most freely and undeniably voice the sentiment of the masses have welcomed it with acclamation.—This is a sure augury for the future, though mere politicians—who ought to be the first and most vigilant observers of these indications of the sovereign will—never heed them until the prophecy becomes action, and they are swept away unprepared by its resistless momentum.

A *just*, that is an equitably balanced system of postage was a collateral object with the reform of the mileage abuse, but, as in the other case, Mr. Greeley could effect nothing immediately. When our people have to drive its legislators before them, there is always a space between the sowing and the harvest of reform; but the longer and the more needless the delay, the more thorough will be the reckoning. Cheap postage is worth more than all our fortifications as an element of the national union and strength, and its true adjustment to the common want is near and inevitable. Whoever opposes himself to the enlightened demands of the masses will finally be borne down by their awakened energies, and their true champion carried onward to his due place by their remembrance.—At the moment that Greeley and the hopes of legislative reform seem lost—ungerminating in the ground—they will be exactly ready to spring into vigorous and permanent existence. So we say to Greeley, and to all true workers for man, "Go on, and fear not."—*Nineteenth Century.*

#### Jefferson and the Whigs.

The Whigs sometimes claim that they are the legitimate disciples of Jefferson. Their estimate of that great and good man may be learned from the New York Day Book, a violent whig paper, edited by a hair-brained whig, who calls himself Doctor Bacon. He says:—

"Since the elder John Adams left it, (the Vice-Presidency,) for the Presidency, in 1797, and was succeeded in it by the abominable Jefferson, the *father of all the political wickedness that has since disgraced the country*—what good man—what really high principled patriot—what friend of the federal constitution—what person unexceptionable, both in public and private character, has ever occupied the place until yesterday?"

## Agricultural.

## To Country Girls.

The following hints from Mrs. Swisshelem, may be of value to more girls than those in Pennsylvania :

" Well, girls, I got such a scolding from one of your number, for writing no letter last week, that I am afraid to neglect it this time. You know I said I could quilt almost as fast as two of you. The reason is, I take care of my hands. One half of you are too proud to do this. You would not be caught putting a glove on to sweep, or hoe, or weed in a garden, because you think it would look as if you wanted to be fine ladies. If you see any one taking care of her hands or careful to wear a sun-bonnet to preserve her complexion, you say she is " proud and stuck up." But it is you who are proud--two proud to think you require any care to look nice. You have an idea you look well enough at any rate. So you just make yourself as rough and coarse as ever you can, by way of being independent. Your hands grow as stiff and hard as if you held a plow, and swung a scythe, and when you take a needle you can scarcely feel it in your fingers. This is wrong. There are many things which women ought to do, which require your hands to be soft and pliable, and they should be careful to keep them so, in order to make them useful. Every woman who lives in the country should knit herself a pair of gloves, with long fingers closed at the tops--not mitts, to let the fingers get hard. There should be a piece of ribbed work at the wrist to make them stay on. When you use your hoe, rake or broom, put on your gloves--when you take hold of a skillet, pot or kettle handle, take a cloth to keep your hand from being seared and hardened. When you wash clothes or dishes, do not have water so hot as to feel unpleasant. Many girls scald their hands until they can put them into water almost boiling. Such hands are unfit to use a needle or a pin. They are not so good to hold a baby or dress a wound. Take care of your hands and do not forget your faces. I have seen so many country girls, who, at sixteen, had complexions like alabaster, and at twenty-six, their faces would look like a runnet bag, that had been hung six weeks in the chimney corner. One reason of this is, they do not wear a bonnet to protect them from the sun. Another reason is, the habit they have, of baking their faces before a wood fire. I have seen some women stand before a great roasting fire and cook, until I thought their brains were as well stewed as the chickens; and they would get so used to it they would make no attempt to shield their heads from the heat. Nay, they will sit down in the evening and bake their faces by the hour; and this is one of the reasons why American women grow old, withered and wrinkled, fifteen years before their time.

" But another and a greater reason is, your diet. People in this country live too well and eat too much hot bread and meat. Country people usually eat richer food than those who live in the cities, and that is a reason why with their fresh air, their average age is little greater than that of city folks. Thousands of beautiful, blooming country girls make old, sallow-faced women of themselves before they are thirty, by drinking coffee, smoking tobacco, and eating hot bread. They shorten their lives by these practices about as much as city ladies with their fashionable follies. I do not know what you think about it, girls, but I think it is about as much of a sin for women to get old, brown, withered

faces, by eating too much, as it is for men to get red noses by drinking too much. Very few people think it a disgrace to have a bilious fever; but I had just as lief the doctor would tell me I was drunk as that I was bilious. The one would come from drinking too much, the other from eating too much. All this is a serious matter, for it affects health and life; and the reason why I talk about your complexion in speaking of it is, that every body loves to look well whether they will acknowledge it or not. Now people cannot look well unless they are well; and no one can be well very long who does not try to take care of herself. The woman who roasts her head by the fire, disorders her blood, brings on headaches, injures her health, and makes her face look like a piece of leather. When she swallows her hot coffee, hot bread, greasy victuals and strong pickles, she destroys her stomach, rots her teeth, shortens her life, and makes herself too ugly for any use, except scaring the crows off the corn."

## Signs of a Poor Farmer.

He grazes his mowing land late in the spring. Some of his cows are much past their prime. He neglects to keep the filth and soil from the sills of his building. He sows and plants his land till it is exhausted, before he thinks of manuring. He keeps too much stock, and many of them are unruly. He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. If he wants a chisel or a hammer, he cannot find it. He seldom does any thing in stormy weather, or in an evening. You will often, perhaps, hear of his being in the bar room, talking of hard times. Although he has been on a piece of land twenty years, ask him for grafted apples, and he will tell you he could not raise them, for he never had any luck. His indolence and carelessness subjects him to many accidents. He loses cider for want of a hoop. His plough breaks in his hurry to get in his seed in season, because it was not housed; and in harvest, when he is at work on a distant part of his farm, the hogs break into his garden, for want of a small repair in his fence. He always feels in a hurry, yet in his busiest day he will stop and talk till he has wearied your patience. He is seldom neat in his person, and generally late at public worship. His children are late at school, and their books are torn and dirty. He has no enterprise, and is sure to have no money; or, if he must have it, makes great sacrifice to get it; and as he is slack in his payments, and buys altogether on credit, he purchases every thing at a dear rate. You will see the smoke come out of his chimney long after daylight in winter. His horse stable is not daily cleansed, nor his horse curried. Boards, shingles, and clapboards, are to be seen off his buildings, month after month, without being replaced, and his windows are full of rags. He feeds his hogs and horses with whole grain. If his lambs die, or the wool comes off his sheep, he does not think it is for care or want of food. He is generally a great borrower, and seldom returns the thing borrowed. He is a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, a poor citizen, and a poor Christian.—*Baltimore Farmer.*

## Milk Cellars.

Farmers about to build a dwelling, should know that by carrying up a large flue, (12 inches diameter and *circular* is the best,) in the chimney stack from the *cellar*, and having a window or two opening to the north or cold side of the house out of the cellar,—they can have as good a "Milk Room" un-

der their house as could be had over a spring, that may be perhaps two hundred yards or one-fourth of a mile off; which is so *pleasant* to go to in *bad* weather, especially by the *female* portion of the family.

The floor should be flagged with stone, as they can be kept sweeter and are colder than either bricks or cement, which absorb "spilt milk," and thus taint the atmosphere. The walls and ceilings should be plastered to facilitate white-washing and cleansing. Nothing but milk and cream should be kept in the room, as pure atmosphere for cream to rise in, is absolutely essential to the making of sweet butter.

What is needed to have a *cool, sweet cellar*, is a current of air which will be secured by the aforesaid flue, and the open windows—as a strong current of air is at least ten degrees colder, than the same air at *rest*.

**CHURNING.**—Farmers ought to know that churning can be done with any good churn in five to fifteen minutes, as well in winter as summer—by having the temperature of the cream right, say 58 to 60 degrees. The temperature of an ordinary sitting or living room in winter, to be comfortable, is 65 to 68 degrees, and a closet opening into such a room, would be the best place to keep the pot in the winter. In the summer, the cream can be readily reduced to the right temperature, by breaking up clean ice and putting into the churn.

A thermometer, which is necessary to regulate these matters, costs but one dollar, and such an investment every farmer ought to make, who has churning to do, and thus save labor and time, which is money, and make this much dreaded part of the duties of farmers' wives and daughters much pleasanter and easier—and for this I know they would thank your modest correspondent if they knew him.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

## Six Reasons for Planting an Orchard.

BY EDSON HARKNESS.

1. Would you leave an inheritance to your children?—plant an orchard. No other investment of labor and money will, in the long run, pay so well.

2. Would you make home pleasant—the abode of the social virtues?—plant an orchard. Nothing better promotes among neighbors a feeling of kindness and good-will than a treat of good fruit, often repeated.

3. Would you remove from your children the strongest temptations to steal?—plant an orchard. If children cannot obtain fruit at home, they are very apt to steal it; and when they have learned to steal fruit, they are in a fair way to learn to steal horses.

4. Would you cultivate a constant feeling of thankfulness towards the Giver of all Good?—plant an orchard. By having constantly before you one of the greatest blessings given to men, you must be hardened, indeed, if you are not influenced by a spirit of humility and thankfulness.

5. Would you have your children love their home; respect their parents while living, and venerate their memory when dead; in all their wanderings, look back upon the home of their youth as a sacred spot—an oasis in the great wilderness of the world?—then plant an orchard.

6. In short, if you wish to avail yourself of the blessings of a bountiful Providence, which are within your reach, you must plant an orchard; and when you do it, see that you plant good fruit. Do not plant crab-apple trees, nor wild plums, nor choke-pears: the best are the cheapest.

## Opinions of the Press.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks.

From the Skaneateles Columbian.

THE LITERARY UNION, a weekly paper, of 16 pages royal quarto, was commenced at Syracuse, on the 7th of April last, at \$2 per year, in advance—W. W. Newman, proprietor, J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. It is neatly executed, and, judging from the number before us, we should think it a very valuable publication, of a higher and better character than many others for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

From the Monthly Rose. (Boston.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new weekly newspaper published at Syracuse, N. Y. Its mechanical appearance is excellent; its literary department displays good taste; and it should be well sustained. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, Editors.

From the Lily.

THE LITERARY UNION.—This is the title of a new literary weekly paper, published in Syracuse, the second and third numbers of which are before us. It is in quarto form, containing 16 pages, and makes a fine appearance. It is designed to be an independent paper, and reformatory in its character. It is edited with ability, and bids fair to become a valuable accession to our periodical literature. W. W. Newman proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. Terms \$2 a year in advance.

From the Chicopee Telegraph.

THE LITERARY UNION is the name of a paper professing to be independent of everything, which is published weekly at Syracuse. The second number has just reached us, and is a handsome sheet. The one idea of the publication is to be progress. To furnish the public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, it promises shall be its effort: to wean the public taste from a false and demoralizing literature, its high aim. If it accomplishes a portion of the work it has appointed itself to do, it will have done well. We wish it complete success.

From the Syracuse Journal.

THE LITERARY UNION.—The second number of this well printed and well filled publication, is upon our table. It is in the hands of intelligent and persevering men, and cannot fail to succeed. The extracts are varied, in good taste, and of an elevated tone. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell, and James Johnnot, Editors.

From the Syracuse Reveille.

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new literary weekly paper just commenced in this city, by W. W. Newman, Proprietor—J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, Editors. It is published in Royal Quarto form, and makes a very handsome appearance. The matter, both original and selected, is excellent. It is designed to be an independent paper, speaking on all the great questions of Reform. The Editors are young gentlemen possessing a high order of talent, and are capable of making up a paper of great value to the people. Such a paper is needed in Western New York; therefore, we hope the Literary Union will receive that support which it so richly merits.

Terms, \$2. Palmer, Agent.

From the Impartial Citizen, (Syracuse.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a newspaper published in this city, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and J. Johnnot.—The Union is both a literary and a reformatory paper. It is published weekly, on a royal quarto sheet containing 16 pages, at \$2 a year, in advance.

We rejoice at this accession to our city periodical literature. The Union will, doubtless, serve

good purposes. Its leading articles are able and instructive. Its typographical execution bespeaks the professional tact and talent of Messrs. Agan & Summers, the printers.

Speaking of Syracuse newspapers, the Albany Argus says:

To these we add "The Literary Union," the first number of which is before us, in handsome quarto, issued weekly, by W. W. Newman, proprietor, and J. M. Winchell and Jas. Johnnot, editors. It professes to be "independent in everything," and evinces industry and capacity.

From the "Excelsior," (Boston.)

LITERARY UNION.—This is the name of a new candidate for favor from the public, published at Syracuse, and got up in very attractive style. It is ably conducted, well-filled, and guarantees a high tone of sentiment. From the specimen number, we should think it would become immensely popular.

From the Literary American, (N. Y.)

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the first number of a very neat weekly paper, bearing the above title, from Syracuse, N. Y., which, so far as our knowledge extends, bears the palm from all the various journals in the west of our State. Its form, title and arrangements, remind us of our own appearance, prior to our enlargement. It is edited with ability by Messrs. Winchell and Johnnot, and promises to be a valuable addition to our periodical literature.

From the Rochester American.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We believe we have hitherto omitted proper mention of the above weekly paper, recently started at Syracuse by W. W. Newman as proprietor, and Messrs. Winchell and Johnnot as editors. The conductors of the *Literary Union* are gentlemen who feel a strong interest in education. Their enterprise, therefore, appeals to teachers and others who feel a like interest. The paper is handsomely printed, and looks like one destined to succeed. We trust and believe the editors are not among the inconsiderate many, who engage in journalism without counting the cost it involves of time, labor, brains and money. Success to them.

From the Univercelum.

"LITERARY UNION."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second number. Judging from the specimen before us, its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is PROGRESS;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each No. containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. NEWMAN, Syracuse, N. Y., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the second number of a well edited weekly periodical with this title, published in Syracuse, New York. "Of the making of papers there is no end."

From the Syracuse Central City.

We have received the second number of the *Literary Union*, published in this city by W. W. Newman, and edited by Messrs. Johnnot and Winchell. All of these gentlemen, we believe, are engaged in the public schools of this city, and are favorably known both as teachers and gentlemen of literary taste and attainments.—We hope it will not be deemed unkind in us when we say that the success of the paper is extremely doubtful. The field is pre-occupied by journals published in the eastern cities of established reputation and circulation. We believe it is not far from the truth to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred attempts to publish literary journals in the country, prove utter failures. Nothing will gratify us more than to see the *Literary Union* an exception.

## Prospectus of Littell's Living Age.

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchant, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass., and for sale by

STODDARD &amp; BABCOCK,

May 12—1w

Syracuse.

## MASSACHUSETTS Quarterly Review.

This Review was commenced in December, 1847, and has been issued quarterly, under the direction of THEODORE PARKER, assisted by several other gentlemen.

THE MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY is devoted to the interests of no particular Clique or Party, and its conductors will endeavor to present an open and fair field for the notice and discussion of matters pertaining to Philosophy, Literature, Politics, Religion and Humanity. The first volume contains papers on The Mexican War, The Life and Writings of Agassiz, The Legality of American Slavery, Education of the People, Swedenborg as a Theologian, John Quincy Adams, William Ellery Channing, &c., &c.

Each No. will contain about 125 pages, at the price of \$3.00 a year, in advance.

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Syracuse, April 12, 1849.

## Syracuse Markets, June 2.

Wheat, bush.	1 00	Wool, lb.	20a28
Flour bbl.	5 50	Hay, ton,	7 00a9 90
Indian Meal, cwt.	1 00	Fine Salt, bbl.	75
Corn, bush	50	Solar Salt, bbl.	1 75
Oats, bush	28	Bag Salt, 20 lbs.	10
Barley, bush	50	Bag Salt, 28 lbs.	14
Rye, bush	50	Salt Barrels,	22
Potatoes, bush	75	Flour Barrels,	26
Onions, bush	50	Sheep Pelts,	50a1 00
Beans, bush	75	Lamb Skins,	40a75
Apples, bush	50	Hard wood, cord	4 00
Dried apples, bush	63	Soft wood.	1 75a2 25
Butter, lb.	13	Beef, on foot, 4 00a4 50	
Cheese, lb	6a7	Pork, cwt.	5 50a5 69
Lard, lb	7a8	Pork, lbb.	12 50
Chickens, lb	10	Hams, lb	7a8
Eggs doz.	10	Shoulders, lb	6a6 1-2

PROSPECTUS OF  
THE LITERARY UNION.

The great idea which will pervade this Journal, is PROGRESS.

Beyond the ordinary, though indispensable intelligence of the day, the Public has wants which our newspapers do not supply. The pretty lisings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in teens, on the one hand, and tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative *miscalled* "Cheap Literature," on the other, spiced with the bitter bigotry of all kinds of partisanship, are made to satisfy the keen appetite for knowledge created by our Free Institutions. But how will the boast that ours is a reading people recoil upon our own heads, if their reading be such as will corrupt the morals and enervate the mind?

To furnish the Public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, shall be our effort; to wean its taste from a false and demoralizing Literature, our high aim. We shall labor specially to elevate the rising generation; the "Young America," so soon to wield the destinies of the first nation on earth.

In thus advancing the great interests of a National Literature, we shall be aided by numbers of our best writers. The Farmer, the Mechanic, and the Teacher, will each find his vocation elevated by the aid of their special handmaid, Science. The Fine Arts will be prominently noticed. The learned Professions, with the great principles of Religion and Politics, will receive the attention they deserve. In each of these departments, practical men will devote time and labor to the enterprise.

We would fit our paper particularly for the Domestic Circle. Poetry of the first order—gems of History, Biography and Fiction—the cream of general news, with a rigid analysis of its correctness and tendencies—these, all seasoned with a sprinkling of humor, we hope to make productive of equal pleasure and improvement.

To our country women, we would say, that we regard their sex as the great instructors of the race, and shall strive with all our energies to assist them in this work. While we would not have them emulate the madness of their *soi-disant* lords, in the battle field, or in the broils of the Senate Houses, we would encourage their aspirations to every attribute of intelligence and refinement.

Though bold, our enterprise cannot be presumptuous; for we trust not to any innate and unusual ability of our own, but to the potent influence of the spirit of Progress, whose servant we would be, and to the aid promised us by persons of eminent ability. And with this encouragement, we have resolved to launch our bark upon the sea of Journalism, and await such breezes as it may please Heaven and a liberal people to send us.

## TERMS, &amp;c.

THE LITERARY UNION will be issued every Saturday, commencing April 7th, in Royal Quarto form; each No. containing 16 pages. The mechanical execution will be unsurpassed.

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